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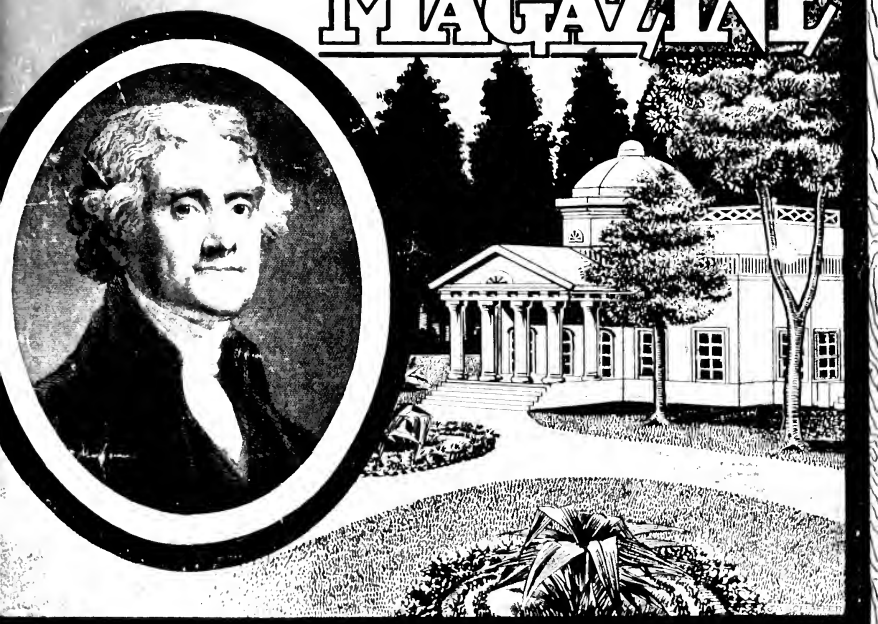

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THE JEFFERSONIAN,
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Watson's for April

The next article in the series which Mr. Watson has been writing on "Socialism" will be of wide general interest. The subject will be "Marriage and Heredity", two forces which fight for us and against us, from the cradle to the grave, yet ignored and despised of Socialists.

Since Mr. Watson has been pulling the sheep's clothing off the wolf of Socialism, the circulation of the Magazine in the West, among the mistaken followers of the wolf, has grown to large proportions. If our Western friends will now write to us for literature, and make a strong, concerted effort, we will drive the red-mouthed enemy from the field.

"To the victor belong the spoils". Look at the vast and growing army of office-holders. Look at the corruption in the public service. The muck-raker is found to be not without truth. The Star Route frauds, the Whisky Ring, the Sugar Trust pick-pockets—where did they have their beginning?

In the instalment of "Andrew Jackson", which will appear in April, Mr. Watson shows the origin of the spoils system, and out of it the development of such gigantic, vile and bare-faced felonies, that even the Taftites hesitate to call them blessed.

Men, women, boys and girls are finding it profitable to take subscriptions for WATSON'S. Write to our Circulation Department for particulars. If you do not care for the commission, you can still earn valuable premiums. How would you like a complete set of the Watson books, handsomely bound, and with the autograph of the author in each volume? You can earn them by a little work at odd times.

If your newsdealer does not handle WATSON'S, let us know. If you can't buy it on the train, kick about it. If your friend has not read it, tell him it's the salt of the earth, and only a dollar a year.

If you like WATSON'S, if you believe it stands for what is just and right and true, drop me a postal card, and say: "I promise to send you * * * * * subscriptions each month during 1910." No man so weak, so lazy, or so dull, who cannot send us one subscription a month. What say you?

JAMES LANIER,
Business Manager.

Thomson, Ga., February 15, 1910.

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Young princes and chiefs from six nations, students of the Mengo High School. This is a missionary boarding-school maintained for the little dark aristocrats of the Protectorate

WATSON'S
JEFFERSONIAN
MAGAZINE

Vol. 4 March, 1910 No. 3

EDITORIALS

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

Chapter VI.

LET us now go back to the beginnings of things. In no other way, can subjects of this sort be convincingly treated.

Suppose that we should take an Eskimo and show him a gaunt, weather-beaten pine tree that has been dead so long that the bark and the sap have rotted off, leaving the "heart" to stand there, defying the sun, the wind and the rain. Could you succeed in making the Eskimo comprehend the evolution of that long-leaf pine? Could you ever bring his mind to grasp the wonders of that old tree—its germinal mast, which the winds bore to the birth-place, the tiny bunch of green needles shooting up from the earth, the gradual increase of this tuft; and then the upshoot of the slender, graceful stem, the throwing out of limbs, the slow growth which continues until the majestic maturity is reached—a maturity so grand that when the axe lays low one of these kings of the forest, the crash of his falling, through the branches of lesser trees, may be heard for a mile, and his impact upon the ground rolls away like a rumble of thunder. To us Americans, who have been familiar with the processes of the growth and decay of trees, the leafless, barkless, sapless, yet unconquered, dead pine is no riddle: but to the Eskimo, the spec-

tacle would present a novelty, and to his intelligence it would be a baffling mystery. Similarly, to those who are familiar with the origins of our institutions, there is absolutely nothing that appears strange, unnatural, fundamentally wrong about them.

Trial by jury was better than trial by battle, or by water, or by fire. One accused of a crime was permitted to clear his skirts by producing neighbors of good repute who, under oath, vouched for his innocence. These men of high character were not willing to declare the accused guiltless, until they had considered the evidence on both sides. Consequently, trial by jury had its birth in this very natural, reasonable requirement of the defendant's peers.

So, also, the present system of punishing of criminals was a vast improvement over the barbarous law of retaliation—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Unsatisfactory as our judiciary system is, nobody would favor a return to the ancient methods.

In like manner, our marriage laws marked a distinct advance from the tribal promiscuity of the lower races. To fasten upon males the duties which they owed to their mates and their offspring, the law made the marital contract as strong as possible; and religion did its utmost to render the bond sacred. The great economic motive was, to compel the individual who married, and who begot children, to be true to the One Woman, and to support and educate his children, in order that they might not become a charge upon the community, or grow up without being given proper parental care, control and training.

Consider this remarkable paragraph, found on p. 68 of The Early History of Institutions, by Sir Henry Maine:

"Mr. Lewis Morgan, of New York, the author of a remarkable and very magnificent volume on 'Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity in the Human Family', published by the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, reckons no less than ten stages (p. 486) through which communities founded on kinship have passed before that form of the family was developed out of which the Aryan tribes conceive themselves to have sprung. But Mr. Morgan also says of *the system known upon the evidence actually to prevail among the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian divisions of mankind that* (p. 469) it 'manifestly proceeds upon the assumption of *the existence of marriage between single pairs, and of the certainty of parentage through the marriage relation*'. 'Hence', he adds, 'it must have come into existence *after the establishment of marriage between single pairs.*'"

The utter lack of foundation for the Socialist statement that ceremonial marriage was established to conserve and perpetuate private property, is shown by the existence of monogamous mating among Gorillas and the higher order of Apes. There is even a variety of the whale family in which the mates are so attached to each other that when one of the devoted pair dies, the survivor commits suicide. Swans are monogamous, as are rooks and mocking birds. It is said that if an ostrich loses its mate, it never takes another.

This point has been discussed already, and it would not have been mentioned again were it not a historic fact that both monogamic marriage and private property are found throughout the brute creation. Hence, *both* are *natural*—not *artificial*, as the Socialists contend.

Did you ever read much about the ant? A wonderful little fellow he is, to be sure. A great believer in private property, is Sir Ant. He makes a home for his family, he stores up wealth therein, and woe unto any other ant that tries to enter that home unbidden. As to interfering with his private property—no outside ant dare attempt it. Occasionally, I must admit, the strong rob the weak, in the ant-world; but that only proves how human they are. Ants are so similar to men, in some respects, that they enslave other ants—black ones at that—(please don't let Dr. Lyman Abbott, Robert Hunter and Andrew Carnegie know of this!)

and these dark-colored serfs are treated so well that they love their masters, as our old-time darkies loved theirs. Here is a curious thing: a part of the property of the ant family consists of domestic cattle which are fattened, milked and (in times of scarcity) killed and eaten. (These are the aphides.)

Why do squirrels and jay birds store up nuts, acorns, etc., if they have no natural instinct for the accumulation of private property? Any other squirrel or blue jay would have a terrible fight on his hands, were he to try to rob that precious hoard.

Bees afford another example; but Maeterlinck has written about them with such exquisite beauty and such fullness of knowledge, that I will content myself by referring you to his fascinating prose poem, "The Bee". (Now, pray *DON'T* write to ask *me* where you can get the book, and the price. Inquire of a book-dealer.)

Not only is there an almost universal instinct of private personal property among animals, but, *(the brutes!)* they actually claim private ownership of land! The monsters are capitalists at heart—the same as men.

Does not the King of the Jungle mentally appropriate to himself all of a certain domain; and does he not warn off any lion that intrudes? If another lion disregards the notice, is not a terrific battle between the proprietor and trespasser the immediate consequence? So they tell us, in the books.

The same thing is true of wild cattle, of ants, of bees, of beavers, of troops of Pariah dogs. Do we not find the same instinct in prairie dogs, ground-squirrels, beavers and others? It is highly developed in the monkey tribe. The fiercest of battles are fought in the wildwood, if one family group invade the territory of another. Not only does the group claim, as its private property, the domain which it occupies, but each individual monkey has some lair which belongs to him alone.

The average Socialist is the most short-sighted man in the world—*else he would see that Nature has sown among the beasts, the birds and the fishes the rudiments of the very same principles that underly our system.* Man created nothing; he merely developed what God put into him. That is all there is to it.

Now let us trace the development of private property.

At first, the human race depended upon Nature for food. As the tiger stalked his prey, the man did: as the bear and lion *hunted* for a living, so did the two-footed, upright prowler. Some lived on fish, some on the eggs of birds, some on nuts, fruits, roots, and wild vegetables. In the course of time, family groups drew apart, and the ownership of domesticated animals evolved the flock and the herd.

Was anybody "robbed" when some bold, strong tribesman caught and tamed the wolf, making a faithful, useful, affectionate dog out of him?

Was anybody "robbed" when horses, cows, swine, sheep and goats were captured and tamed?

That's the way private property in domestic animals began.

Analagous to the taming and training of donkeys, horses, etc., was the domestication of wild fruits. One of the earliest examples was the olive. We find in the Old Testament references to private property in olive trees. In cases like this, the member of the family who planted and tended the grove, orchard, vineyard or garden owned it. Here, again, Labor was the source of Title. Who was "robbed" when wild fruits, nuts, vegetables, etc., were domesticated, vastly improved, and enormously multiplied?

Did you ever see the wild tomato? the wild strawberry? the primitive peach and apple? the wild pecan nut? the original chestnut? Did you ever reflect upon the difference between the cow, as Nature made her, and the

modern descendants of the same animal, *as private ownership has developed her?* Have you ever thought of wild hogs and sheep and goats, in comparison with those developed under private ownership? *Were socially owned animals ever known to improve?*

Consider the poultry. Would Socialism ever have brought forth that $12,000 hen? The fact that somebody stole her egg, almost before she finished laying it, merely furnishes additional evidence of the truth that men just naturally crave private property.

What belongs to everybody, *nobody will improve.* The Socialists claim that if everything belonged to everybody, we'd all love one another, and cheerfully work for "Society", and quit doing wrong, and lose all our bad streaks. All and sundry would do right; and we'd be so dearly fond of beautifying and elevating our collectively owned property, that we would work even harder for other folks than we now scratch for ourselves.

Well, let us hold that lovely hypothesis awhile and study it.

All over Europe, until comparatively recent years, there were strewn "Commons". These were remnants of land left behind in the advance of private ownership. These Commons belonged to all the people—usually, of the adjacent town.

Now, Mr. Socialist, *can you prove that the collective owners of those Commons ever made any improvements thereon?* No—you cannot! Every soul in the town was improving his privately-owned house and lot, or otherwise working for *himself*, and not a hand was ever turned to the development of the community-owned land. The Commons remained waste, uncultivated, overrun by every vagrant human or animal—until at length "me Lud" coolly and quietly scooped it, adding that much to his manorial inclosure.

(Please put that illustration up to the Socialist ranter, and let me know by the next mail what his responsive snort was.)

But there is another well-known case, which "pies" the Socialist theory. There are *the public roads.* They belong to all of us. They're about the only relic of democracy that's left us. And since automobiles came into fashion, even the public road isn't democratic enough to hurt.

But they are common property. *It is to our interest to improve them, and keep them in the best condition.* If the Socialist idea of human nature were sound, our public roads would be heavenly. But even the Socialists kick like Tump Ponder's roan mule, when called out to work the roads. Funny, isn't it? Proverbs tell; and there's one to this effect, "What is everybody's business, is nobody's business;" and it pierces the Socialist theory to the heart.

* * * *

But, while I began with the domestication of beasts, fowls, nuts, fruits, etc., there were earlier and simpler methods of acquiring property in chattels.

There must have always been a recognition of the right of each individual to the fruit which he had plucked, the fish that he had speared, the deer or bear or wild-hog that had fallen under his club; and the cavern, or hollow tree that he occupied as a home. The individual ownership of weapons, domestic utensils, and work-tools was coeval with human life itself. Wearing apparel must always have been private property. Even when the wardrobe consisted of an apron of fig leaves, it belonged to the individual, and not to the Group. We have yet to learn that among the lowest savage practitioners of collectivism, in hot climates, the flaps belong to "Society". In Eskimo-land, the furs worn by the natives are private property. Vanity being as innate as selfishness and cupidity, there is no doubt that *personal ornaments* were among the earliest articles of private property.

Here, the title was based on *discovery.* The lucky individual who found the ruby, the pearl, the diamond, claimed and kept it. To this day, our law recognizes "discovery" as a source of title. In America, one curious survival is the claiming of the "bee tree", (on the land of another,) by the man who found it.

* * * *

As the flocks and herds multiplied, good pastures became all-important. In the Bible we see how disputes sprang up between the owners, as to who had the right to graze certain land. Thus we come to understand how *Occupancy* was the first muniment of title. Whoever had a flock or herd could take it to any vacant range; and, while he held possession, no one else might bring his cattle to the same pasturage.

At this stage of development, private, exclusive and permanent ownership was not enjoyed by individuals, excepting in those cases *where human Labor had created the property.*

Of course, the hut, and boat, the sledge, the implement, etc., *belonged to the man who had made them.* In the Old Testament, we find Abraham asserting title to a well which he had sunk, *on land that did not belong to him.* After a deal of contention and strife, his claim was allowed, on the ground that "*he had digged that well.*" Isaac dug several wells in the same region, gave them names, and claimed them as his property.

Here we see *Labor* put forward, successfully, *as another foundation of private property in land.* Mark it well, for my whole train of reasoning pivots on that honest, equitable, sacred principle.

As the human race increased in numbers, the supply of food obtainable by hunting, trapping, fishing, etc., became more and more uncertain. Wild animals were thinned out; for they were not only butchered with reckless wastefulness by mankind, but they preyed on each other. Besides, as human occupancy of the earth spread, the ranges of the wild animals diminished. Think of the example most familiar to ourselves, the American Indian. Although it is the accepted opinion among historians that the Red Men of North America kept their numbers down to a wonderfully small figure, by bloody tribal feuds, yet even in so vast a territory as his, the Indian found that he could not rely wholly upon Nature's supply of food. Game was slaughtered with senseless profusion: myriads of deer, bears, bison, etc., were left to rot where they fell, only some choice morsels being taken for use. No system of curing and preserving food-stuffs prevailed; consequently the necessities of the case forced the savages to clear little patches of ground, here and there, for the cultivation of beans and maize.

Each tribe had its hunting ground; and the tribal wars generally had their source in disputes over these collectively owned domains. But every spot of cultivated soil, together with its produce, was the private property of the Indian whose *Labor had made a farm* out of the wild land.

Brother, can you not see that *Nature never made a farm?*

God created no such thing as money, no such thing as a house, no such things as hats, shoes, baskets, plow-lines and agricultural implements. All of these are man-made, of course; but *so is a farm.* A piece of wild land is no more a "farm," than a pint of wheat is a biscuit, or a bale of cotton is a bolt of calico. In the same sense that a man takes raw materials and builds a house, a railroad, or a bridge, he takes a wild piece of land and *creates a farm out of it.* If the land is wooded, the trees must be cut, the logs taken off, (billions of dollars' worth were burned on the ground in the old wasteful way) the brushwood fired, the stumps and roots torn out. So heavy is the task of *mak-*

ing a farm, that even now (in the South, at least,) we give to the man who clears our land all that it will make for the first two years. Sometimes, only partial rent will be charged for another two years.

In some portions of Ireland and France, the peasants pulverized the surface rock, covered this with earth carried in baskets from valleys below, and thus literally created little mountain farms.

Who made those irrigated farms of "The Great American Desert?" Nature didn't. For ages those weird solitudes existed, the terror of the Indian hunter, the cemetery of estrayed buffalo. Left to Nature, the Desert would have remained the unfruitful waste that it had been since the morning stars sang together.

But man comes along, stores river-water in some vast reservoir, leads the irrigation ditch into the Desert, and lo! it becomes a garden luxuriating in all things beautiful and good.

For ages the Everglades of Florida had been a domain of grey desolation, the home of the water-bird, the moccasin, the rattlesnake, the wild turkey, the otter and the bear. Latterly, a few wretched Seminoles eked out a haggard existence on its Islands. Left to Nature, the reign of solitude and savagery never would have been disturbed. But man comes along, puts huge dredges to work cutting wide and deep canals to drain off the water, and lo! there are wide areas of virgin soil upon which hustling humans come *to make farms*.

For, mind you, the Broward canals are not farm-makers. They give the opportunity and the dry surface of the earth—*individual workers must do the rest*.

I wish you could run down to Fort Lauderdale, on the East Coast Railroad, (out of Jacksonville) and see how they make farms in the Everglades. After the Broward drainage ditches take away the water which had immemorially overflowed the surface, there is left the rank saw-grass. To get rid of this, is not a difficult task; but when the grass has been cut and burned, the slate is only just ready to be written on. The soil, having been soaked for centuries, and being pure muck, does not dry out to a sufficient depth for cultivation until ditches, run at right-angles to the Broward canals, have been sunk. Then the ground must be thoroughly pulverized for a foot or so, with spade, or plow or hoe. Even then, you'd waste your time planting, if you did not use tons of fertilizer on each acre. Do all this, and you will have made a farm—in the water-sobbed wilderness where for ages man could find no dry place for his feet.

Would any human being go to all that expense and trouble to create a farm in the Everglades, if the law did not give him the product of his labor? Never in the world. Human nature isn't built that way.

The illustrations which I have taken from American life are not exceptional. They were given first place, for the reason that *you can verify them for yourself*. The difference between our native land, and the older countries is that the processes by which a people adjusts itself to environment is still going on, with us; whereas in Europe, the process of appropriation of public domain practically exhausted itself centuries ago.

In the West, we have seen the Union soldiers locate their Homesteads, on the old bison ranges, in treeless prairies, and we have seen them make farms, vineyards, and woodlands. Man's indomitable energy *is even changing the climate*, by the planting of trees and the cultivation of the soil. *Did those hardy ex-soldiers "rob" anybody, when they toiled year after year to change buffalo ranges into corn and wheat fields?*

I rode through that country in 1896, realized what a different world it was than that into which fate had sent me,

and was deeply impressed by the miracle which human courage, labor, intelligence and perseverance had wrought out there. While that was my first view of civilized Kansas and Nebraska, the books had made me familiar with what those great states had been before the coming of the white settlers. To say that those pioneers and those old soldiers "robbed" society, when they began to get eighty bushels of corn out of an acre of that bison range, *is pluperfect tommyrot.*

In the South, marvels are yet to come. Broward's work in the Florida Everglades merely opened a new era. Other Southern states have swamps, over-flowed lands—tens of millions of acres of it. *There is a greater number of acres of this reclaimable Swamp land in the South than we now have in cultivation.* In other words, we can, by scientific drainage, *double our farm land.* And each acre so redeemed will be worth many times more, as a source of production, than the average acre now in cultivation! Here is a tremendously important fact. Dredges are even now at work in Arkansas and Mississippi. The timber will be cleared off, the swamps drained, and farms made. Hundreds of thousands of families will be offered the opportunity to become home-owners. Could the Socialists persuade a single one of their ranters to enter an Arkansas swamp, remove the timber, dig the ditches, fight the fearful battle with stumps, roots and malaria, *for the purpose of making a farm for "Society"?*

Not a bit of it! The men who will shoulder those tasks will be the natural, normal, stalwart men who want individual homes for themselves, for their wives, for their children.

Private ownership in Europe, Asia, Africa and Oceanica came about in the same way as in America. *Necessity and Labor were the parents of the system.*

The tiger that tries to take another's mate doesn't have to fight harder than does the tiger which seeks to rob another of his den. The same natural instinct dictated the rule which allowed each tribesman to own his own dwelling. The Eskimos hold in common their ice-bound hunting and fishing grounds; but each Eskimo privately owns his hut, his reindeer, and the dogs which act as draught ponies to his sledge. (The permanent stone house built by the tribe, belongs to the tribe.) In like manner, the Arab wanders over wide areas, owned in common by the tribe; but each Arab prides himself on the private ownership of a gun, a pistol, of a flock, a herd, a barb and a fine saddle. And while the whole desert is held collectively, the spot on which the individual Arab pitches his privately-owned tent, *is his private property,* so long as he chooses to remain there.

The world-wide and primeval Law of Hospitality beautifully illustrates the difference between what is public and what is private. Antiquity knew no such thing as hospitality—as we know it. The stranger was usually treated as an enemy, while on the public domain. It was lawful to enslave him, or kill him. But if he once entered the hut, tent or cavern, craving hospitality, his person was sacred. In "The Arabian Nights," you will find a dramatic corroboration of this statement. A Princess is giving a great public feast, to which come, disguised, three bandits who have wronged her, and whom she means to put to death. Each, in his turn, is lifting food to his mouth, at one of the tables, when she cries to her attendants, "Seize him! Do not allow him to put that rice in his mouth!"

If he had taken one mouthful of food, *at her table,* she could not have punished his crimes—the Law of Hospitality would have saved him.

In "Marmion" and in "The Lady of the Lake", we see striking examples of the binding force of this law.

But neither the Arab, the Indian, the Celt, the Persian (nor any other race, so far as I know,) extended the law beyond the dwelling—certainly not to the public domain. Thus, in "The Lady of the Lake", Sir Rhoderick protects Fitz-James until they reach the frontier of the Highlander's domain—meaning all the while to fight him to the death immediately afterwards.

In Europe, to which we will confine the rest of this chapter, the Indo-Germanic tribes soon realized the absolute necessity of domesticating certain wild animals. The usefulness of the cow, the goat, the sheep, the hog, the horse, was self-evident: that they could be tamed and improved, was soon demonstrated: that their numbers could be enormously increased by protecting them from their natural enemies and giving them a regular supply of the most suitable food, was not long in being discovered. Consequently, we see our primitive ancestors keenly attentive to this method of increasing the regular supply of food, of wearing apparel, of articles of convenience and comfort.

But men could not subsist on flesh alone, nor upon milk, butter, fruit, nuts and vegetables. The staff of life, *Bread*, was lacking. To get this necessary, was a terribly hard job. To clear up a field in the forest, to inclose it with a rail fence to keep out wild beast and roving cattle, to prepare the seedbed; to dig, selve, sow, cultivate and reap—made a herculean task. (Read of Old Times in Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, or the Carolinas, and you will get some idea of it.) To prevail upon a certain number of the men of the tribe to stay at home and buckle down to this drudgery,—what was absolutely necessary? It must be apparent to you that no man of the tribe would have *voluntarily* devoted himself to that hardest of hard work *without some inducement.*

There isn't the least doubt as to what that inducement was. It lies on the very surface, visible to every one who has not been blinded by an opposite *theory.*

Remember that the Family Group was the germ of the society, and that these kinspeople were all held together by ties of blood. Therefore, their relations to one another were more or less affectionate. Remember again that each Family Group was a distinct entity which bore no love to other groups composed of people of a different blood. Indeed, at first, the alien groups were generally hostile to each other, the feud being a very common inheritance. (The Corsican Vendetta is a survival of the ancient and almost universal conditions.)

Now you will see at once that the strongest ties bound each member of the group to his kindred. Their common home (the land which they occupied) had to be defended against other groups; and each member of the family had to be ready to protect the others: hence interest, blood and affection made the group careful as to the rights of its individual members. (For example, the "clannishness" of some kinsmen, in our own day.)

Sir Henry Maine (an authority of the highest character) traces private property in land to two sources—

(1) Outsiders, combining against the Family, broke its resistance and seized upon its land.

This theory would seem to be unsound, in that we are dealing with a period wherein the Patriarchical family system is supposed to have been general. Sir Henry Maine's supposition would, therefore, appear to involve the dispossession of one group by another. No change from communism to individualism would seem to be necessarily the consequence of the change of tribal ownership.

(2) His second theory is, that as the Family Group disintegrated, individ-

ual allotments were made. It strikes me that Sir Henry got the cart before the horse. The individual did not secure his allotment *because* the family group was breaking up into units: but the group dissolved, *because individual families secured separate and privately owned allotments.* What motive was there for the group to efface itself, so long as all the land was owned in common? None that I can see. If too many bees were born into that particular hive, the surplus would naturally *swarm out.* Colonies would go forth to make other homes in the waste, unoccupied land. And the history of the Village Communities in America, India and Europe *proves that they did that very thing.* Among the Pueblo Indians, for instance, when the family-dwelling could accomodate no more, a colony was thrown out, and another pueblo built. It was the same way among the Long-House Iroquois. (There is a survival of this in Hindustan, and some other countries, even now.) In fact, this swarming of colonies from the parent hive is one of the most universal and portentious facts of history. It ranges all the way from the removal from densely to sparsely settled portions of the same state, (as from East and Middle Georgia to South Georgia) to the migrations from one part of a nation to another, (such as New Englanders and Southerners pushing into the South-West, West, and North-West) up to such epoch-making movements as those of the Huns, Goths, Vandals, Moors, Tartars and Mongols.

It seems to me, therefore, that while Sir Henry Maine was accurate in his statement of coincident facts, he reversed their order. The tribe of kinsmen, wishing to deal fairly by each member of the family, *recognized the right of one of their relatives to the improvements which he had made on his share of the tribal land.* Walter, Alfred, James, Ralph, William and Edward spent their time at the chase, or tending the droves of hogs in the wild-wood, or herding cattle, or in the rude commerce, or manufacturing, or in forays against neighboring tribes, or in gambling, idling and drinking.

But Rollo and Cedric staid at home, kept sober, applied their energy to improving the buildings on their allotment; and to the clearing, fencing, draining and cultivation of some land which had theretofore been covered with timber.

Does it not occur to you that before these men applied themselves to such a laborious task, *they had received from their kinfolks the promise that they should be allotted the same land each year?* In other words, *private and exclusive title to land had its beginning in the family's recognition of the kinsman's equity in his betterments.*

Don't lose sight of the fact that, in a new country, the cleared land is, for a very long period, the smaller area. Therefore, at the time private ownership to land arose, those who cleared off the forest and made farms were in a hopeless minority. *Therefore*, the privately owned farm must necessarily have arisen by tribal consent.

It is absolutely impossible *to account for all the phenomena of private property in land*, on any other hypothesis. It is in perfect accord with the origin of private property in chattels. It explains (what would otherwise be a profound mystery,) why the whole tribe allowed a few members of it to hold their allotments, against the overwhelming majority. It is consistent and coincident with the gradual dissolving of the Family Group. *It borrows tremendous support from the Bible account of Abraham and the well which he had digged in the country of Abimilech. IT ACCORDS WITH ANIMAL INSTINCTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD;* and *it meets every requirement of common sense, lucid reasoning and purest justice.*

As I have said before, there isn't a particle of difference *in principle*, between the ownership of a cow, and the ownership of the lot on which she is stalled, fed and milked.

And the common ownership of the land is not a bit more essential to the welfare and happiness of mankind, than the collective ownership of personal property. As a matter of fact, there never has been any advance in civilization made by peoples that do not stimulate the individual by guaranteeing to him the enjoyment of his freedom of person, his freedom of action, and his right to acquire private property.

To have improvements made on the tribal allotments, it was absolutely necessary to concede to the individual the right to reap the full benefit of his betterments. Thus the same man was enabled to hold the same land, year by year. You can readily understand how this *estate for years* lengthened out into *an estate for life.* Then, when the life-tenant died, leaving his improvements on the land, *what was more natural than that the whole Patriarchal family should decide that the wife and children, who had directly or indirectly aided the deceased kinsman in making the improvements, had a better right to succeed to the possession than any other members of the group?*

Thus you see how inheritance originated. Of course, the exchange and sale of the property, and its disposition by last will and testament, were found to be logical consequences of acknowledging the toiler's equity in his betterments.

Once you find the acorn, and understand its planting and germination, the growth and expansion of the oak becomes easy of comprehension.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Girl I Left Behind Me

(*Author Unknown*)

The dames of France are fond and free, and Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy, and Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile, their charms fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle, to the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side and purer than its water,
But she refused to be my bride, though many a year I sought her;
Yet, since to France I sailed away, her letters oft remind me,
That I promised never to gainsay, the girl I left behiud me.

She says: "My own dear love, come home, my friends are rich and many,
Or else abroad with you I'll roam, a soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come or let me go, I'll think you have resigned me,"
My heart nigh broke when I answered "No," to the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave a life of war and toiling,
And never as a skulking slave, I'll tread my native soil on;
But were it free or to be freed, the battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound, nor message need, from the girl I left behind me.

SOME ADDITIONAL FACTS ABOUT FOREIGN MISSIONS

THERE happened in Atlanta, not long ago, an incident which passed almost unnoticed, but which deserved universal attention. A bevy of beautiful, stylishly dressed young ladies went the rounds of the Gate City, holding up merchants, lawyers, doctors and other helpless humans—doing it prettily, with soft, beseeching eyes, and sweet, pathetic entreaties—and relieving the victims of whatever ready cash purse or vest-pocket contained. Of course, the highway exploit was done in the name of Charity.

Oh that everybody else had not already used that famous exclamation of Madame Roland! How natural it would be for me to substitute the word "Charity" for Madame Roland's "Liberty", and cry out against the many crimes that are committed in her sacred name!

In the case cited, the lovely girls who wended their way here and there in Atlanta, reducing gold reserves in all directions, the immediate object was the sale of tickets to a concert to be given in the Cable Hall on January 30, 1910. The beneficiaries were The King's Daughters and Sons.

Now it came to pass, that certain citizens of Atlanta rose and began to howl, at and against the methods, meanderings and lucre-getting of the well-dressed, beautiful and fascinating young ladies aforesaid. Your first thought is that it was the victims who howled. Oh no, the victims never get noisy. They may go off to themselves, and mutter, and fume and fuss about, and call themselves fools, and say "Stung again!" and go home, crossly, to find fault with everybody in the house. But they never howl. The roar, in the Atlanta case, came from an unexpected quarter. *Another charity organization* was the disturber of the peace. The Associated Charities raised the rucous. This body of men came out in a card, denouncing the pretty girls aforesaid, as employees of "a professional charity promoter, Mrs. W. W. Donaghy".

The officers of the Associated Charities (and there are quite a lot of them,) alleged that Mrs. Donaghy worked on a commission basis, kept in her service a corps of young women as solicitors, and operated under contracts which were virtually the purchase of the use of the name of some local charity for begging purposes—the proceeds to be divided between Mrs. Donaghy and said local charity. (Out in the country, we call that, "*Farming for a part of the crop.*") Of course, this lady knows better than to engage unattractive, ill-dressed old women to wheedle city men out of their money. Being a wise person, Mrs. Donaghy carefully selects youthful ladies, of prepossessing appearance, alluring manners, and bewitching faces, to do the difficult work of separating prosaic mankind from its available cash.

The pretty girls are, of course, paid what Mrs. Wilfer would call "a stipend", and we may safely assume that the compensation of the "stipendiary" fluctuates with her success—consequently, she is always keyed up to what we red-headed fiddlers denominate "concert pitch". This being the contrivance to catch us, what chance to escape have we mere mortal men got left to us? (O women! women!)

When the rude, unmannerly males of the Associated Charities came out in their card, denouncing the ways of the ladies, the lovely dears scratched back, as anybody but an organized charity broker might have known. And the ladies got the best of it, as they al-

ways *should*, and "most ingenerally" *do*.

Their defense was voiced by Mrs. W. O. Ballard, Treasurer of Circle No. 2 of The King's Daughters and Sons; and when she had said her permitted say, there wasn't much left of the complaint of the howling men. After boxing the ears of the officials who had criticised her methods, Mrs. Ballard called attention to the familiar fact that the Associated Charities consume 80 per cent. of their revenues in operating expenses, and give the remaining 20 per cent. to the poor. In other words, when you collect $100 and pay it over to the officers of the Associated Charities, those gentlemen appropriate $80 of the amount for "expenses"; after which they condescendingly distribute the remaining $20 among the poor.

Said Mrs. Ballard, "We give 75 per cent. to the poor, and require only 25 per cent. for the support of the institution." If those butt-in-sky men ever had another word to say, it did not get into the papers, so far as I know.

But here is the point after all:

This business of taking up collections has been reduced to a science; and there are those who follow it *as a profession*. It must be a lucrative trade—judging from the rapidly growing numbers of those who are rushing into it. What chance has the unorganized public? None. We have to accept what they tell us. They bombard us with books, pamphlets, leaflets, handbills, missionary letters, sermons, editorials, padded reports, and bulletins announcing glorious victories: we are literally stunned by persistent, methodized, and vehement assaults.

Take for example the Southern Baptist Convention; it pays net salaries amounting to $11,000 to four officers. Then, there are clerks, ($2,803 for that item alone) travelling expenses, etc.

One of these Secretaries spent $1,087.71 on a world-tour of inspection of missions—an expense which can be defended on no other ground that that the regular official reports of the foreign missionaries are untrustworthy.

Mission collections are spent by the tens of thousands to flood the country with more mission literature, to bring in more money. Thus the people's ammunition is used to bombard the people. You contribute $100 to Foreign Missions, and $10 of that will be used to support a paper, or print pamphlets, which beg you for *more, more!* It is an endless chain, every link of which is forged at your expense!

On pages 308 et seq. of *Missionary Tidings*, for November, 1909, appears items in the account of Disbursements which seems to show that $2,000 of the mission funds were appropriated to that magazine to make good the difference between its revenue and its expenses. Has the Christian Woman's Board of Missions the right to use mission money to finance a magazine whose sole purpose is to squall for more money? Have the Baptist Boards the right to dip into missionary collections and get the wherewith to publish papers and literature in favor of larger contributions? I notice that the M. E. Church, South, appropriated upwards of $2,300 to support *Go Forward*, the clamorous little screamer which says that Southern Methodists must assume responsibility for the uplift of 40,000,000 heathen, and which wants to see American contributions to Foreign Missions speedily advance to the $80,000,000 mark!

The Catholics of this country, and of all others, makes the field support the work. And they are right, as to *that*. If the field is not *live* enough to support the missionary, the mission is a farce, a dismal failure. Throughout the ages the truth stands revealed—*the successful missionary was amply able to live on the field.*

Mark the caution of the statement, "live on the field". I do not claim that

Paul, Peter, James, Augustine, Columba, Patrick, and Las Casas could have compelled their proselytes to pay them big salaries, furnish them luxurious homes—one for winter and another for summer—and to supply them with funds sufficient to adorn their persons with fine raiment, employ domestic servants, maintain horses and carriages, and to wear jewelry enough to stock a store. No: I said that the pioneer missionaries who won the Roman world to Christ were able *to live* on the field!

Salaries did not cut the ice, then, that they do now. Clerical pomp and pride did not then demand fifteen thousand-dollar houseboats to loll and lounge and travel in, while "converting" Congo negroes. In *The Pentecostal Herald*, of January 26, 1910, you will find Rev. H. C. Morrison's allusion to the beautiful summer homes of the missionaries to India. The missionaries to China have them, too. An elegant home in the cities, for the winter; and a beautiful mountain home for the long vacation, in summer! It was not then known that Christ's "Go ye" meant gold to plug the heathen's rotten tooth; pills to purge him; literary training to evolve Browning clubs; music lessons to attune his soul to European melodies; industrial training in the arts of carpentering, blacksmithing and farming; free surgery, free medicines and medical service—including the tender ministrations of trained nurses; free kindergartens for the tots, free schools for the boys and girls, free homes for the orphan, the widow, the leper, the blind, the deaf, the dumb. To this must be added the purchase of negro orphans, "all over Africa", in order that these black children may have that *which the lack of* causes thousands of white children to perish every year in this home land of ours.

There are about 22,000,000 Protestants in the United States: from these must be collected the money for Foreign Missions. And the Zealots actually pretend to believe that these 22,000,000 Christians can convert to Christ, in one generation, the 800,000,000 of heathen! It is sheer madness. They are going crazy—that's all.

Suppose that each pagan can be converted at a cost of $20 to the Christians of America—what would be the sum total of financial cost of doing what the Layman's Movement has undertaken? The answer is, $16,000,000,000!

LADIES' RESIDENCE, JAPAN. WHAT AN ELEGANT MISSIONARY HOME!

That's a pretty pile of wealth to sink in heathendom, isn't it?

If we could offer Japan, China, Korea and Hindustan that amount of money *NOW*, *we would not have to wait a generation for them to flop.*

See how European and American men and women "change their religion", when it becomes necessary to gain some eagerly coveted fortune or title. Human nature is the same everywhere. Brethren, raise your $16,000,000,000 and offer it to those decadent or grasping people of the East—and thus save yourselves a generation of labor: they will call themselves Christians, for that

sion, and they will be every bit as sincere as the heathen whom your present system hires to profess Christianity.

If Anna Gould, a millionairess, "turns Catholic" to get the courtesy-title of "Countess", why should we consider it strange that a poor boy or girl in China should pretend to want to learn about Christ, when a comfortable support and a literary or industrial education is thrown in, gratis, along with the Bible lessons?

If the Princess Ena of the royal house of England "turns Catholic", just to be called "Queen", instead of "Princess", why should we doubt that the Hindoo widow yearns so eagerly to get into the life-long "Home" offered her, that she turns from Buddhism to Christianity as readily as the European lady flops from Protestantism to Catholicism? Even now, Miss Elkins is said to be "under instructions", preparatory to turning Catholic, in order that she may wed the Prince of Abbruzzi. In all such cases have you noticed that it is taken for granted that the "conversion" will take place? *It always does.* Have you never thought it singular that the Protestants make no effort to hold their religious sisters? Do they ever ask for the opportunity to combat the arguments of the priest, and to do what they can to persuade the young women to remain faithful Protestants? No: they make no effort whatever to resist the Catholics. They know too well that the girls mean to have those titles; and the "under-instruction" farce is played to save appearances.

SOOCHOW HOSPITAL
Exterior view, showing the sedan chair used by Dr. Park in visiting his out-patients

Did not so stalwart a character as Henry of Navarre change his creed to win a crown! Did he not exclaim, with merry cynicism, "Paris is well worth a mass"?

To escape the fury of Moslem fanaticism, millions of Eastern people shouted, "There is only one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!" To escape the sword of Charlemagne, millions of European barbarians consented to be baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

When we see how human motives, purely selfish, influence "conversions", in the cases mentioned, how can we doubt that the heathen are terribly tempted by the loaves and fishes? The latter-day methods, in operation in the foreign fields, appeal to the sordid side of Oriental character in a way that is practically irresistible. How can you expect the hungry to reject bread, the naked to refuse clothes, the sick to spurn medicine and curative treatment; the illiterate, free board and free education; the homeless, a luxurious asylum for life?

Are not these temptations far more powerful than those which seduce Protestant girls of wealth and station into professing Catholicism to share a

title? Just use your common sense and your knowledge of human nature! Don't you know, in your heart of hearts, that the sincerity of a "converted" heathen can never be tested, so long as we make it so much to his personal interest to profess Christianity?

Richmond Haigh, writing to *The New Age*, gave a pathetic description of a missionary, who lived and worked twelve miles from where he himself was stationed. The missionary was a scholarly, noble, consecrated man, who had been engaged there for eighteen years. He admitted, with sorrow, that among his professed converts only one man, and half-a-dozen women could be relied on. All the rest of his congregation "were heathen at heart". (Even the one man and six women may not have been what he thought they were.) He said that they took all the free medicines, etc., that they needed, but that Christianity had not touched their souls.

Missionaries who have spent their lives in China have given up in despair, admitting their inability to comprehend Oriental mind and character. Griffith John, Hudson Taylor, Moule and many others have admitted that the whole thing is a failure—the Orientals professing Christianity for what they get out of it.

Dr. August H. Bach, who spent twelve years in the Chinese mission work, says that "There may be true Christians among the Chinese, but personally I did not find any." Dr. Bach was one of those who quit in despair. In part he said, in his published statement:

"For nine years I mostly worked on educational lines, and found the Chinese very smart students. But out of the 600 or 700 students not one remained a Christian, but, as soon as there was opportunity to go in Government service, they forgot all about Christian teaching and changed into good Confucianists.

"Mission schools, worked and kept up by foreign money, are much liked by the Chinese, because they can get education without paying tuition, and have a white man as friend, if any official tries to squeeze some dollars out of them. I am convinced that any money for mission schools is simply wasted. If the Chinese want Western learning let them pay for it.

"Just as little sympathy I feel for the medical missions. Mission societies all over the world are spending thousands of dollars annually on hospitals for the Chinese; they send over medicines, and not one Chinese is in doubt that his native medicines are much better. And white people believe that, too, or, if not, how could Chinese doctors here in Los Angeles, in selling Chinese medical herbs, make a great deal more money than white doctors? Now, does it not seem ridiculous to think that we are sending great quantities of medicines to serve a people whose own medicines we pay large prices for in our cities?"

In October last, Rev. F. D. Kellogg and wife set out from this country for the Foochow Mission, China. Commenting upon this, an American Chinaman, named Charlie Goon, said:

"It is a very foolish idea to send white men and pretty American girls to China. My people, and especially those in the Foochow district, are very desperate. They care nothing for your religion. Ah, yes, we like the pretty American girls. If you should send only men you would soon see a great change."

Read that statement again, and consider it well. Then remember that Dr. Bach declared that there were *Elsie Sigel cases in the Chinese field.*

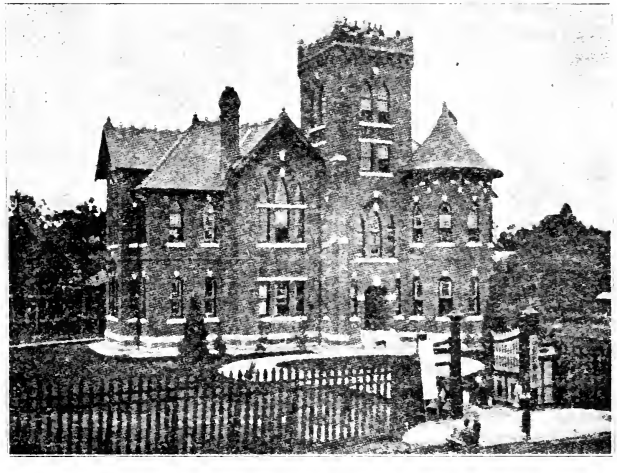
But they keep the facts covered up—and our sisters go blindly into a work which is fraught with perils of which they are entirely ignorant—perils which may lead them to a fate worse than death.

(If ever you get the chance to talk to a sailor or soldier who has served in the East, ask him to tell you what he knows about foreign missionaries and their work.)

While engaged in writing this chapter (February 3d and 4th) a very loyal New York friend, William James Johnson, sent me a clipping from the New York *Press*. It contained the report of an address made by a Japanese nobleman in Carnegie Hall under the auspices of the Civic Forum. The speaker, (Baron Dairoku Kikuchi, of

Tokio, Japan,) was introduced to the audience by David J. Brewer, one of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court.

In the course of a series of questions put to him, at the conclusion of his lecture on "The New Japan", Baron Kikuchi declared that Christian missions to his country were useless so far as Christianity was concerned. He declared that Christianity had played no part in the revolution of 1868, out of which came the new Japan. He paid every one of their big conventions? Do you have any idea of the tremendous cost of those luxurious feasts? The amount of money thrown away on the elaborate banquet which the Layman's Movement provided for itself at the Hotel Astor, in New York City, must have consumed thousands of dollars—and those pharisees, hypocrites, unnatural egoists sat there under blazing lights, hour after hour, stuffing and guzzling and smoking, consuming the costliest food, the costliest wines, and



THIS IS THE KIND OF SEMINARY WE BUILD FOR THE JAPS

high tribute to a few of the missionaries whom he named, and said that the influence of their lives had been beneficial.

"But the influence of Christianity itself was not great."

How like a dash of cool water comes this sober statement upon those rampant missionary letters, whose sickening monotone is, "*more money! more money! never was there a time, etc.*"

Have you noticed that the Layman's Movement has adopted the gorgeous banquet as the regular preliminary of the costliest cigars, while a few blocks off, Cold and Starvation were beating down their victims.

Oh, the shame of it!

Even in Macon, Georgia, the Layman's Movement could not get started on its yawp for the heathen and its denunciations of Watson, until it had sat down to an extravagant banquet, which cost enough money to have given *a thorough education to some indigent Macon boy or girl!*

George Sherwood Eddy, one of the Holy High Rollers of the Layman Movement, made an address to a large

audience in the Hippodrome, New York; and he came mighty near letting the tabby cat out of the bag—if indeed, he did not actually do it. He said that money given to Foreign Missions is "an ideal investment".

Why? You could not guess, in a month of Sundays. This Mr. George Sherwood Eddy had the shamelessness to say that money given to Foreign Missions brings Oriental trade to our Trusts, and is therefore an ideal investment. He did not use the word "Trusts", any more than the hypocrites use the word "buy", when they purchase Dear Little Doras in Ethiopia. But "Trusts", was what he meant, as I will show you.

This astonishing person, G. S. Eddy, said that the Japs borrowed $50,000,000 *from England*, and then bought *from us*, railroad material for the Manchurian railways. Said he:

"The reason why the Japanese Government spent English money in the United States *was due solely* to the fact that the Japanese engineers had been educated in America at the expense of the missionaries. That one order would have paid the cost of all the missions in the world from North America for the last seven years."

In my time, I have done much reading, and have come across some colossal lies; but never have I seen in print a bigger lie than that of George Sherwood Eddy—*never!*

The railroad material to which he alluded consisted of steel rails, spikes, fish-bars, bridge material, locomotives, etc. They were supplied by our noble and patriotic Steel Trust. And why did the Japanese Government spend "English money" in the United States? Because our noble and patriotic Steel Trust was able and willing to lay down those railroad supplies in Manchuria at a lower price than Great Britain could do it. *Following its noble and patriotic custom, the Steel Trust sold those materials to Japan cheaper than they sell them to the American railways!*

So, that's why George Sherwood Eddy calls Foreign Missions "an ideal investment". It brings more food to the yawning maws of our remorseless Trusts.

Pursuing that cynical, mercenary, sordid, shameless line of reasoning, George Sherwood Eddy said:

"Twenty-five years ago Korea was a closed land, having no trade with the United States. Today there are 200,000 Christians in Korea. A hundred years ago we sent the first missionary to China. Our trade today with that country totals nearly $50,000,000 and is rapidly growing. American commodities are found in the heart of India and China, miles from the railway, and our trade alone receives a tenfold return for all that is spent in missions. I believe in God, I believe in humanity, therefore I believe in missions."

I say it reverently, I say it fervently—may God deliver this American people, this priest-ridden, Trust-robbed people!

"Our trade today with that country totals nearly fifty million dollars, and is rapidly growing."

For whose benefit? That of Standard Oil, the Harvester Trust, the Meat Packers, the Steel Trust.

"American commodities are found in the heart of India and China."

To the benefit of whom? Not the common people who finance Foreign Missions, but the Trusts who plunder those common people!

At length, I begin to understand the Layman's Movement. And just as any clear-eyed observer can detect the hand of the J. P. Morgan associated syndicates in every important act of the Taft administration, so, if one will but take cognizance of the true meaning of such speeches as those of Eddy, he will understand that, while, with a whoop and hurrah it shouts, "*the world for Christ!*", the Layman's Movement really means, "*the world for the Trusts*". Far be it from me to say that any considerable portion of the laymen know how they are being "used". The greater number of them are pure, high-

minded, nobly-intentioned Christians: but they are being used, all the same. With the craftiness of Satan himself, the wolves of the Trusts are donning sheep's clothing. In the name of God, they are setting up, throughout the heathen world, their own golden altars and, *just as our foreign consuls, ministers and ambassadors are little else than Morgan & Co. agents, so the foreign missionary is made the avant courier of American Commerce.*

And, unfortunately for us, *American Commerce*, in this connection, means *the further enriching of the Trusts, the further concentration of the world's wealth in the hands of the few.*

* * * *

Suppose that the newspapers should tell us harrowing stories about suffering in Armenia, or in China, or Hindustan—we'd hear the missionary whoop, wouldn't we?

Oh how the Misses Janet Hay Houston do wail and carry on about those bandaged feet of the Chinese "Society set"!

Oh how they moan and groan over those Hindoo widows!

And "our dear little Dora", in Africa, must not be allowed to return to her unconverted relatives—she must be bought, and kept in clover at the mission. In *The Christian Herald* there ran a big headline, clear across the editorial page, to this effect, "*WHO WILL HELP REDEEM LITTLE DORA?*" "Redeem" is a new, sweet, soothing and seductive word which, in that connection, means "buy". The editor himself states, underneath his big headline, that Dora will have to be paid for in cows or cloth or farm produce or money. The editor says that black orphan children have been "redeemed" all over *Africa*. In other words, the foreign missionaries are so eager to support and educate little negroes, in their native land, they buy orphan children "all over Africa". Don't take my word for anything: just read *The Christian Herald* of December 8, 1909.

Yet when Alice Lambert publishes the story of the white slavery which the Japs have put in practise, on the beet farms of Colorado—a slavery in which white children of seven and eight years are made to toil for their Japanese masters—not a ripple of excitement disturbed the surface of American life.

These little white slaves labor from 5 o'clock in the morning until 7 in the evening.

Says Alice Lambert:

"All along the road, when we returned at night", (8:30 P. M.) "we saw the little laborers not yet done with the work of the day."

But these little white children of Colorado are *so* unromantic and common: no Oriental halo hangs over them; no ocean voyage allures us to them; no pulpit eulogy and newspaper notoriety would reward the missionary who championed their cause—and so they must continue to slave away for the Japs.

What we see often, and become accustomed to, assumes its place among the things which appear to be natural and right. The American child in the mine or mill or sweatshop; the breadline of human outcasts; the daily item of death by starvation and suicide; the story of the mine horror or railroad accident; the crime wave and the auto butcheries; the pet dogs which have maids to attend them, tailors to clothe them, servants to bathe, comb and manicure them, umbrellas to keep the rain off, shoes to save the dainty feet from contact with the mud, bath tubs of gold, toilet sets of bejeweled silver, and neck collars of diamonds—all these we take as a matter of course, along with the account of the child who was given away because the parents could not feed it; of the girl who sold herself to "a gentleman friend", because she could not live on the wages her Christian employer paid her; of the man who dropped in the street, dying of starva-

tion, after days of agonized hunting for a job; of the desperate husband and father who, out of work and money and food and hope, kills wife and children and self—and *so* takes leave of this Christian land, whose fanatical missionaries are yelling like so many madmen, for the suffering heathen.

A GEORGIA SCHOOL, NEAR ATLANTA!
(This is where Miss Tutney Bell taught)

Great God! How hard it is to understand.

* * * *

Here is a letter written me by a fine Georgia woman, who has given twenty years of her life to the teaching of country schools. Read it thoughtfully:

"MISTLETOE, GEORGIA, January 9, 1910.

"DEAR MR. WATSON:—The picture I am sending was made in Dekalb County, sixteen miles from Atlanta.

"I taught those children two years in that little old hut without any assistant. Rude benches and desks barely sufficient to have seated twenty-five with any degree of comfort (leaving out system), yet fifty-nine had to be wedged in.

"I find most tenant houses merely "hulled" in—a poor protection against heat or cold. In some localities the school is composed principally of tenant's children, and notwithstanding their somewhat embarrassing accommodations they often have to board the teacher.

"I had to board with a family of seven once, who lived in a little hut with two rooms—one of those a shed—the loft was assigned to me, not an unfinished "upstairs" but literally a loft. I could manage to stand upright in the center of the "apartment" but nowhere else. The roof was so low, that after retiring I have often poked my fingers in the cracks through which stinging blasts or refreshing breezes played, blowing cobwebs from my brain and from the dust-begrimed beams and rafters. It was a fearful winter, and with only the thickness of those sun-warped, wind-cracked, time-worn boards between me and the raging ele-

ments, I often wondered that the wind didn't blow my eyes open while I slept. Snow, likewise being no respecter of persons, intruded into my lofty abode. I had to either pass such trivial matters unnoticed, treat them as a joke, or refer to them in subdued tones, with a note of apology in my voice, for the name of being "hard to please" turns patrons' sentiment against a teacher quicker than anything else. I have occupied other apartments equally as bleak and uninteresting, but not so *lofty*.

"This is not overdrawn, and I've known of other teachers having equally as ludicrous experience.

"I am so glad that you handle those foreign mission schools as you do. I have noticed at home, that the ones who were the most prominently connected with mission work, *and applied themselves most assiduously to the collection of others' dues*, didn't seem to have any other mission in life—at home especially—but were content to dawdle away their time until another opportunity arose to render themselves *conspicuously liberal with their time and powers of persuasion*.

"Yours truly, (MISS) TUTNEY BELL."

The stories that could be told of moral, mental and material conditions in Georgia, and other Southern States, would harrow your very soul. On Peters and Decatur streets of Atlanta, and in the vicinity of the Fulton Bag and Cotton Mills, can be found squalor, disease, vice and human degradation equal to anything in John Wanamaker's home city. In the slums of St. Louis, Dore might mave made his studies for his illustrations of Dante's "Hell".

In the backward rural communities, and in the mountain regions of Kentucky, Virginia, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Georgia, there exists a poverty, illiteracy, irreligion and lack of morality that ought to roll a stone on to the heart of every Christian in the land.

Come with me and let us examine one of the missionary reports from the foreign field: it is a typical report.

It begins on page 308 of *Missionary Tidings*, (November issue, 1909,) the magazine published by "Christian Woman's Board of Missions". (Indianapolis, Indiana.)

The good ladies (and I mean just that, they *are* good, pious, nobly intentioned women) had the spending of $403,186.70 last year—a very considerable charity fund, to be sure.

What proportion of it was used for evangelical work? According to their own statement, a very small one; but, as I may not understand what they mean by that separate entry on their books, as I wish to avoid mistakes, we will pass that by, and deal with entries which admit of no misunderstandings.

These good ladies say that they spent $27,330 for "orphanage support", at Bilaspur, India: on the schools at that station, $855: on the hospital, $1,175.

Dr. Mary Smith (presumably a lady,) got a salary of $600—for services in the hospital, one must suppose. Three other ladies (unmarried) drew salaries of $600. I assume that they teach in the schools. Another girl draws a stipend of $375, and still another $310. And one more, $300. *Evangelistic work got $174.50.*

Now, apparently, there was no missionary work at all done at that station, outside of the $174.50, and $8 more for a "Bible Woman". It was just a plain case of supporting the orphan, and giving an education to as many heathen children as those white girls could teach.

It was so at every one of the stations.

In Hindustan alone this one Board, (there are sixty-four, in all,) gave free medical and surgical treatment to 112,075 patients. They gave away medical supplies to the value of $2,000. For "orphanage support", was spent the sum of $11,000. They actually used $3,100 on the orphans of Porto Rico! Outside of the salaries of the schoolmarms, these foreign schools were maintained at an expense of nearly $9,000. That must have been for free board and lodging, for the salaries of the Misses who taught the Indian, Mexican, Jamaican, Porto Rican and Central American children amounted to the cheerful aggregate of $13,000—

not counting the sums paid to married women and male teachers.

Here's a lovely item:

Kulpahar, India: "*Women's and babies' home*", $2,216.74.

Ah, good ladies! Have you no need of such a blessed institution as this in *your own city* of Indianapolis?

The Foochow Hospital (Methodist missions) reports that it has given treatment to 355,877 Chinese, the treatment being practically free of charge. Besides, *during the one year 1908*, the Chinks got *free medicine* to the amount of $2,500, from one hospital.

Every one of the Churches and the Societies and the Boards are engaged in this monstrous business—a policy which closes our eyes to the physical, moral, mental and religious needs of our own national household, our own great white race—and opens them for Catholic and so-called "heathen" countries.

I quote from "What Had God Wrought?"—the eleventh annual report of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, 1907 to 1908:

> "God has supplied support for all the native workers we have, and our great need is for more workers, *literally hundreds* of them, and we shall have to train them ourselves as we can not get them from other missions who are in need of them as we are. As there have been *famine prices* over most of India *this year* it costs fully $20 per year each for orphans, $25 for young men and women in training schools, *and $50 to $80 for married evangelists with families*, so I hope these figures will be noted in speaking of the needs. We have had to give famine allowance to our helpers for six months. In some places the price of grain is two and a half times the normal, and the orphanages are costing much more than usual, but God has not failed us, nor will He fail."

Now, when you consider that most of the unmarried ladies enjoy salaries of from $600 to $750, and that the men get from $1,000 to $1,500 each, you can begin to understand why these positions are so eagerly sought after.

Some months ago, I stated that the salaries paid to the average foreign missionary were equal to $2,000 and even $3,000 in this country, because it was so much cheaper to live in China, India, etc. Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, published in *The Christian Index* a sweeping denial of my statement: but the book from which the above quotation is taken proves what I said was true. (The book was published by "The Christian and Missionary Alliance".) Dr. Smith draws a net salary of $2,750 per year from one of the Boards.

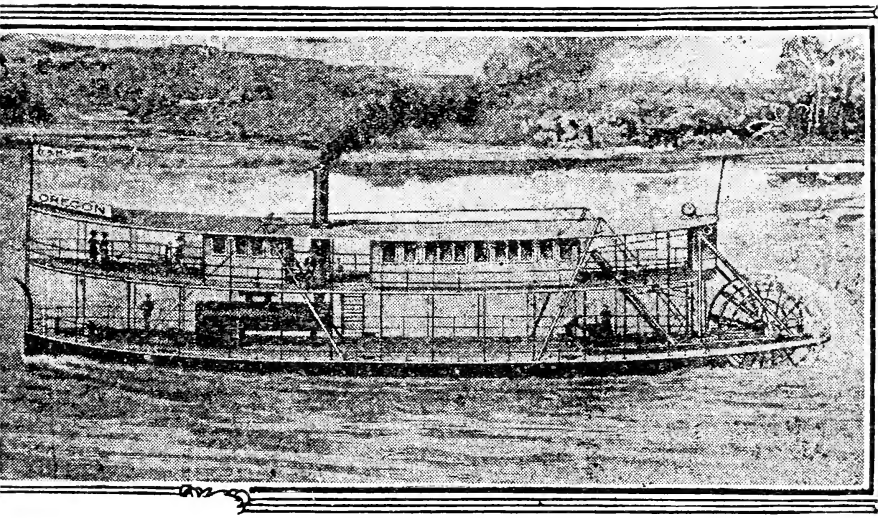
Were I an artist, I would shock you to the very depths with a very simple picture. The composition would include the outstretched hand of the poor boy begging for a chance in life: the wistful face of the little country girl who must work in the blistering heat or bitter cold, while a troop of noisy, well-dressed negro children go by on their way to school: the wife of the poor white man, with her anxious eyes, seamed and colorless countenance, hardened hands,—prematurely aged and infirm because of combined drudgery, child-bearing and *ignorance of how to live:* the invalid, stretched on a bed of pain, emaciated by weeks of suffering, slowly, piteously perishing for lack of proper food, nursing and medical attention: the tender babe, hardly strong enough to wail, with nobody able to tell what is the matter with it, whose own mother can not possibly give it what it needs; and which wilts and dies for lack of ice, or fresh air, or the right medicine and the expert nurse. Along those lines, the figures should be drawn; and into the dim, distant horizon I would throw those thousands of trained nurses, accomplished doctors, and scientific surgeons, with their ample supplies of everything that the afflicted need who are searching for the destitute sick throughout the foreign world. I would picture all those asylums, dispensaries and hospitals which the Protestant churches of this land have scattered from Mexico to farthest India, for charitable ministrations to the poor, the sick, the widow, orphan,

the leper, the blind and deaf and dumb.

Into the picture should be woven *the Northern millionaires who are concentrating their money and effort on the uplift of the Southern negro, while the Southern whites are misdirecting and wasting their money and energy on the heathen.* On some black, overhanging thundercloud of God's wrath, I would limn, in forked lightning, the

Christians of America! The cry of the children of this land rises loudly and bitterly against you. *The infant lies at your door.* And in a large, national, racial sense, *IT IS YOUR CHILD!* And you are leaving it there, to die of criminal neglect, *while you rush wildly to Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceanica, and Latin America, TO SAVE THE STRANGER'S CHILD!*

On that Great Day, when the earth



A CONGO RIVER MISSIONARY HOUSE BOAT

stern question, "*Cain, what hast thou done with thy BROTHER?*"

Better, a thousand times better! would it be *to slaughter, outright, those of our own kith and kin, whom we leave to perish by slow torture, or to sink into mental, moral and spiritual death!*

Were an infant to be laid at my door, and were I to let it lie there, day after day, until its little body froze into the coldness of death, there isn't a jury in Christendom that would not hold me guilty of criminal inhumanity. *Were it MY child, I would be a MURDERER—in the sight of God and man.*

and the sea shall give up their dead, and men shall troop toward the Great White Throne, to give an account of the deeds done in the body, what will you say—Oh, *what can you say*, when you are accused by *the little ones for whom you were responsible*, and whom you allowed to go to Death or the Devil?

* * * *

Did not the *Literary Digest*, of October 9, 1909, publish the facts, showing how the Protestant faith was losing ground in San Francisco? And do not all of us know that the case of San Francisco is not exceptional?

In that city of 400,000 inhabitants, there are no more than 1,010 Baptists. The M. E. Church, South, has only 122 members! And yet nearly every Methodist preacher in the South is half-crazy to support a missionary in Korea, or China, or Mexico, or South America. Adding the 122 members already mentioned to those Methodists who belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church, there are "two bartenders in San Francisco for every Methodist". This conclusion was reached by Rev. C. F. Reid, D.D., and the Nashville *Christian Advocate* published it!

Yet the brethren are not losing sleep over California. No, indeed! It is Korea that gives them the abdominal trouble: it is China that makes them walk the floor: it is South America that disturbs their rest: it is Mexico that puts them to skirt-dancing.

In these United States there are 16,550 Catholic priests who have been working like so many beavers to wrest the cities from the Protestants. *And they have already done it.* New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Milwaukee, Montreal, Detroit, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and dozens of others are absolutely under the thumbs of Pappy's priests. The Protestants have virtually been driven out.

The West is to be the dominant section of the Union, very soon; the priests realize it, and they are pegging it down for Pappy. For example, Wisconsin has 532,000 Catholics, and the number is rapidly climbing. Last year the North American priests gained 111,576 adherents for Pappy. Under the flag of the United States, there are now 22,587,079 followers of the dear old dago who sits enthroned and mitred in the finest palace on earth, in the midst of riches which flow into his coffers from all parts of the world—riches and splendor such as excel the exaggerated glories of Solomon.

But are the missionary zealots worried over the Pappy's steady march to power in this country? No, indeed.

It is Catholic ascendency in Central America that gives them pangs of pain. Read such publications as *Health and Life*, and learn how they are sending trained nurses, educated and refined young white women, to give their gratuitous services to sick, but well-to-do, Catholics down there, in the hope of converting the Central American *from one form of Christianity to another.* They are doing this in Mexico, Cuba, Jamaica, and in Europe. They are pouring millions of dollars into this insane endeavor.

At a time when the Roman hierarchy was concentrating its energies to the conquest of the United States, the Protestant clergy not only failed to concentrate for resistance, but they actively, directly, and most effectually aided the Catholics. How? By diverting the Protestant mind to a foreign subject: by wasting Protestant money on foreign work: by sending Protestant soldiers into foreign campaigns.

Utterly blind to facts, utterly reckless of consequences, these fanatics of Foreign Missions *divided their forces at the very time when the Italian army attacked us.*

Ah, you soldiers of the Cross! At the crisis of the battle between the hosts of the Harlot and those of the Lamb, you, *you, YOU*, gave victory to the Babylonian!

Not content with the volunteers who might "feel" that they were "called" into heathendom, you systematize the seducing of pious men and women into *deserting us*, and going over to the pagans. By the scores, you established papers and magazines to *shout for the foreigners.* By the hundred, you published books *in behalf of the stranger.* By the million, you scattered pamphlets and tracts pleading *the cause of the outsider.* You even went into our colleges, and *demanded the teaching of*

Foreign Missions. You not only began to pull the students for money, but you sought to enroll the student himself. And you succeeded. There has been nobody to show you up, resist you, denounce you—and you have been inching up, all along the line. You have not only made the Colleges tributaries to your "Boards", but you have, within the last few years, *sent more than 4,000 of our College graduates into heathendom, when we needed every one of them to combat the embattled and advancing hosts of the Harlot.* Woe unto you, misguided men! Woe unto you, misguided women! The ragged little white wretches of your own country; the needy and afflicted of your own household; the benighted and Godless of your own color and kin, *these have bitter cause to condemn you.* But the inhuman neglect of these is not your gravest error. *You had a Protestant country: it was your sacred duty to preserve it: yet you called in your sentinels: you removed the men of the watch-tower: you dispatched your best soldiers on distant expeditions; you did not even arouse, arm and organize the legions which were under your command. Without a single, concerted effort at resistance, you permitted the dagoes to storm your intrenchments, capture your strongholds, seduce your troops, AND FETTER THE FUTURE OF YOUR COUNTRY WITH THE FOUL BONDS OF THE HARLOT.*

In your mad zeal to compel other races to change their religions, *you betrayed Christ in Your own Country!*

* * * *

I do not mean to say that you meant to do it. The sincerity of the majority of you has not been questioned. Most of you were absolutely honest and disinterested. But so were the bigots of the Spanish Inquisition. So were the butchers of St. Bartholomew. So were those who lit the fires at Smithfield. Great as has been your fault, *in departing from apostolic models*, and fearful as are the consequences of that error, you can be pardoned. But on one plea, only. It is the plea that came from the lips of the dying Master, in the hour of His agony on Calvary:

"Father, forgive them: they know not what they do."

Bear it constantly in mind that the Foreign Missions mean Social Equality—in theory, in teaching and in practise. Don't forget that Northern philanthropists who are invading the South mean the same thing. Don't forget that the Catholic Church stands for the same thing. *Think deeply of what this will one day mean.* And think, also, of that era of world struggle—it is sure to come! when Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucianists come to feel that the advance of *your* Faith, *among the hypocrites of "heathendom"*, have really endangered the ancestral religions! When that day comes—*and it is certain to come!* the earth will be drenched with the blood of the widest and wildest religious war ever known!

PAGES FROM MY BOYHOOD DIARY

(No. 1)

WHEN I went over to Macon, Ga., in October, 1872, to enter the Freshman class in Mercer University, one of the first things I did was to purchase a large "Record", a blank book containing 576 pages. Into this were copied my speeches, (made in the Phi Delta Society mainly,) and such essays, sketches, etc., as popped into my head.

It was not intended that these private records should ever be shown to any one else. They were just an ambitious boy's effusions, jotted down partly from a desire for expression and improvement, and partly because there was a vague idea that they might one day be very interesting to myself.

Here is an account of how I became a School-teacher, in the Big Warrior district of Bibb county.

The first of it is a description of the Examination for a license to teach. This was held before Prof. B. M. Zetler, C. S. C., on the Saturday before Rev. Dr. A. J. Battle (God rest his soul!) preached the Commencement sermon.

An Exhibition of Ignorance, or an Examination Before a School Commissioner

(Macon, Ga., June 28, 1873.) Wishing to make some money during my college vacation, I finally settled upon school-teaching as about the easiest way to do it. To get a good school under the Free School System, it was necessary to go before the Commissioner, Prof. Zetler, and stand an examination. The day appointed for this purpose was the 28th of June, 10 o'clock A. M. Therefore, this morning I went round to Zetler's office. The room was plentifully supplied with paper, pens, ink, tables and chairs. There was also a blackboard upon which to write the questions. When I went into the room, besides the Professor, there was only one applicant arrived. Pretty soon, though, four others came in, three ladies, and one young man. One of the young ladies, Miss Fanny Powers, was both young and pretty, the other was ordinary in every sense of the word. The other lady was, by her looks, about fifty years old, very garrulous, very ugly and very fat. The young gentlemen were quite ordinary. I was by far the youngest and the ugliest of any in the room. We were all very much excited, especially the ladies, excepting, however, the old, fat and ugly one.

As the town clock struck ten, the examination commenced. The Professor first gave us twenty hard words to spell. All came out very well on this portion. Then he wrote out, on the blackboard, ten sweeping questions on Geography. The young lady who was ordinary in everything, found herself in trouble. She declared, that in the school which she had been teaching, the patrons did not require her to teach geography, therefore she was not able to stand an examination. I don't know how she and Zetler finally settled it. Then we had some staggerers on English Grammar. We came out tolerably well on this. Next we had Arithmetic. Here, old, fat and ugly got into shallow water. She said, with much puffing and snorting, that, although she had been teaching for a long time, she had never carried a class beyond fractions, and consequently she didn't know much about the subject. Worse than this, the Professor caught her trying to look in her book—a motion that he did not second. The ladies finished about the time that I did. We retired, leaving the two men still scribbling away. On Monday, at the farthest, we

will receive the report of our examination.

(June 29, 1873.) This morning, after Dr. Battle's sermon, I came part of my way back with Professor Zetler. He announced to me the surprising fact: that my examination papers were the best of any. He said that he would take pleasure in recommending me to any Board of Trustees, and that he thought he could very easily get me a school for three months, the length of my vacation. In the morning I am to get my certificate from him, and sometime during the week approaching, he will let me know about the school. No doubt it will be in the country, and, if so, it will suit me so much the better.

Applying to the School Trustees

(4th July.) This morning, "the glorious Fourth", I rode forth to hunt up the Local Managers of Hamlin Academy, which academy Zetler told me I could have if I got the consent of the aforesaid Local Managers. It was a long, hot, weary ride of fifteen miles on the Columbia Road. About ten o'clock, I came to the house of Dr. Bonner (Chairman Board of Trustees). I stated the case to him as simply as I could, and showed him Professor Zetler's certificate. The only thing that seemed to troublt him was my "juvenile appearance". He was very willing to give me a trial, and he wrote a paper to that effect. This I carried to all the rest, and without any difficulty got them all to sign it. I took dinner with Mr. James Gates, one of the Managers. Then came the long ride back to Macon through the heat of the day.

(July 5th, 1873.) Went down town early to get my teacher's outfit from Zetler. He gave me some good advice about my school. Professor Zetler has been the kindest of the kind to me throughout this affair. I will always cherish feelings of the deepest gratitude toward him, and I hope that time will give me an opportunity of manifesting it in some other way than by mere word.

This evening I leave Macon for my new home. I have procured board at Dr. Worsham's, about a mile from the school-house. So, Macon for awhile, fare thee well.

Quaint Contract Under Which I Taught

Below are eoms of the clauses taken literally from my contract. The ancient document is still among my private papers:

"Rules adopted by the trustees of the Centreal Warrior District Academy to be enforced by Thos. E. Watson as teacher.

"Rule 1st—There shall be no student admitted into this school that does not come under these obligations.

"Rule 2d—All abusive language such as cursing and swearring is attually forbiden.

"Rule 3d—There shall no student be alowed to carry consealed weppons.

"Rule 4th—There shall be no climbing of fences, resling or throwing rocks at each other alowed.

"Rule 5th—No student is alowed to fight in school or on there way too or from school, nor no news to be carraide too or from school".

Rules for the government of Teacher Watson were set down as follows:

"To keep a good and holsome disciplin at all times.

"To take in school at least by one ½ hours by sun in the morning, to alow as recess in the forenoon at least 15 minuts, at noon one hour, and 15 minuts recess in the afternoon, and to turn out in the afternoon at least one hour by the sun.

"The said Teacher shal not be alowed to correct no studant in any way only by a switch the skin not to be cut and not to be abused otherwise."

School Teaching at Hamlin Academy

The monthe that I have passed here, has been one of the most pleasant of my life. My boarding-place is all that I could desire. The members of the family are kind and affectionate. My room is airy, and I have it all to my-

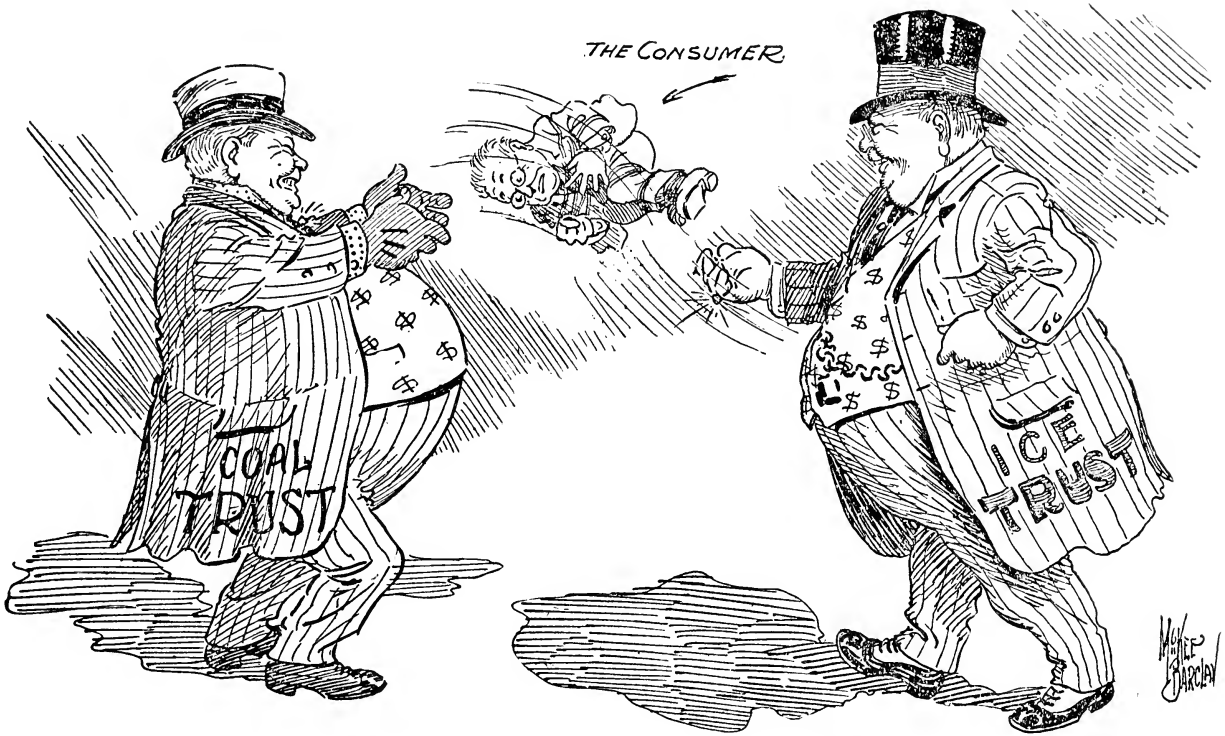
self. I have free access to all the fruit which the place affords. My school, up to this time, has not been a task, but a pleasure. I have upwards of thirty-five scholars, none of them advanced further than grammar and arithmetic, though some of the boys are grown. The small girls give me the least trouble, and the small boys the most. It is a positive enjoyment to teach the little girls. I treat the large boys as gentlemen, the large girls as ladies, and I require them to treat me in the same manner. Should one of these, girl or boy, show a disposition to neglect his studies, or to behave badly, the board of trustees would at once take the case in hand. If one of the juveniles errs, why, I call for a black-gum, and then, ye Powers! I thrash, while he dances. But, thank my stars! I have very little of this to do. The study which gives me the most trouble here, is grammar. All seem to have a perfect horror of it. They have numberless excuses for getting off from it. They have such bad memories as to forget their books and leave them at home. The books are so unfortunate as to get numerous leaves torn out of them. Again, somebody took somebody else's grammar, through mistake, and carried it home. Therefore the owner of the book thinks he has a "King's excuse" for not troubling the detested bugbear for that day. Learning them to write well, is another fruitful source of trouble. Some do the best they can, but there are others who don't. These latter are very amusing. They think that the principal object is to finish up as much paper as possible. But these do not worry me much. Altogether, I like school-teaching better than anything I ever tried before. While teaching them, I am teaching myself. It is the same as a grand review of all the studies of my life. Every day I experience improvement. And I hope also that, seeing the absolute necessity of it, I am getting more command over my temper. I shall never forget the day I gained the first complete victory over it.

My First School Money

(August 16th, 1873.) This morning, being in want of some clothing, I went to Macon to collect my pay for the July teaching. Professor Zetler gave me an order on the Treasurer, Mr. Cubbedge; but he said that having no funds on hand, he could not take up the order. This was quite a blow. Teaching a month in such hot weather as July, and not getting any pay for it, is not calculated to put a man in a very good humor. Well, Col. Lawton is President of the Planter's Bank. He is one of the big men of Mercer University, and he had been my Sunday School teacher at the Second Baptist Church. I thought he could let me have twenty or thirty dollars, and take the order as his security. But, no, Sir. Col. Lawton couldn't begin to do it. After trying several merchants, and after meeting with several refusals, Mr. Calloway, through the influence of Prof. A. E. Steed, allowed me to trade as much of it out as I wished, which was seventeen dollars and a half. Prof. Steed, as ever, proved himself a friend in need. He appeared to be as much pleased with my success in teaching as my own father could have been. Among the last words he said to me were, "If you need any more money, or any more goods, just come to me." He told me of a very painful event, the death of his sister, Mrs. Dr. Pitts. She died very suddenly at her home in Thomson. She was one of the nicest ladies I ever knew, a good deal like the Professor. He also told me that he was going on a visit to Thomson, where he would see all of my old friends and acquaintances.

(Next month, and from month to month, we will publish other pages, written thirty-odd years ago, in this old "Record". You will in this way see how one poor boy felt, worked, suffered and hoped; and made his way, from the very foot of the ladder. It may cheer and inspire other boys who are poor, now, as I was then. T. E. W.)

THEIR LITTLE TOY



Ice Trust—Here, you play with him awhile!

—Baltimore *Sun*

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BOOK II.—Chapter XIV.

NSEPARABLE from the full sovereignty of any Government, is the creation of Money. Like the exclusive authority to make treaties with other nations, to administer justice, to legislate, to declare war, the power to make and control the currency of the nation is an attribute of royalty, of supreme power.

In the history of the world, the unity of these functions in the King has been found necessary to the dignity and strength of the realm.

Where nobles were so powerful that they themselves could administer justice in their own provinces, make war upon one another or upon foreign princes, and coin money—chaotic conditions existed. The growth of the royal prerogatives were marked by rigorous repression of private war, the exclusive creation of judicial tribunals, and the suppression of all coinage save that of the King.

I use the term "create money" purposely. For just as the priest can persuade his dupe to disbelieve the evidence of his own eyes and commonsense, so the money-changers have convinced about nine-tenths of the world that Money is a creation of God, as the mountains and valleys are.

Yet, if one could only prevail upon the people to look about them in a rational, independent way, the fact would be apparent to all that Nature nowhere produces any such thing as Money.

God, after all His labors at the dawn of creation, left very many things for man to do. Nature furnishes the raw materials, but it is for us to *manufacture*. God made the forest, but man must make charcoal, turpentine, shingles, lumber, staves, squared timbers. Nature gives us the cow, but not the butter: we must create *that* by churning. Nature imbedded coal and iron ore in the earth, but man makes the axe, the hoe, the plow, the steel-rail, the battle-ship.

In the same sense that linen and paper and a bar of gold are the handwork of human beings, money is. But in some inscrutable manner, the financiers of the world have hypnotized governors and the governed, until the actualities have no influence upon national policies. The power behind every throne is the banker who rules the world through his power to mystify the nations on the subject of Money. Although history proves that a medium of exchange is the creature of convention, and that it may consist of almost any portable, non-perishable commodity, nearly everybody seems to believe that Gold and Silver are the money metals, by divine right.

In the Santa Cruz Islands, the natives have a beautiful currency made of coils of soft bark covered with crimson feathers. It serves every purpose for which men create money. The Santa Cruz Islands are not cursed by any such Money Trusts as J. P. Morgan's.

When gold threatened to become too plentiful and cheap, the European bankers went to silver as the money of final payment. Then when the silver output grew alarmingly large, they repudiated silver and went over to gold. If there should be made tomorrow, a discovery of some enormous deposit of the yellow metal, the bankers would immediately begin to denounce gold as they condemned silver. (Even now, they are beginning to say that there is

too much gold.) Why do they shift about from one metal to the other, and why did they wage relentless warfare against bi-metalism?

Because the financiers are determined to have as small a volume of legal tenders as possible—so that they can the more easily corner the available supply of real money, and compel the mercantile world to supply its needs for currency *with bank paper.*

In this way, the financiers reap untold millions of profits on currency of various kinds, whose cost did not exceed the ink, paper and printing, or engraving. In this way, they can inflate or contract the volume of circulating medium, and raise or lower prices. If threatened with adverse legislation, they can, by calling in loans, decreasing the currency, and hoarding the available cash, produce a panic which frightens the government into submission. In this country, they did just that, time and again.

After the triumph of the Kings over the feudal lords had restored to the sovereign the exclusive privilege of creating money, that attribute of royalty was never delegated to a subject until the reign of the most dissolute and despicable Charles II. of England. During his reign, the palace was a brothel, and respectability fell into disgrace. It was positively ridiculous for a courtier to be honest, and a lady of the royal circle to be chaste. Among the lewd women who for a season governed Charles, was Barbara Villiers. Through her, the gold-smiths of London secured from her royal lover a grant from which our present world-wide system of *private coinage* is lineally descended.

In the language of the highest courts of Europe and America, the words "to coin money" are synonymous with "to create money". And who is it that creates the money which the mass of mankind use today? The banker. He has driven bi-metalism away; has forced each nation to heap up a vast hoard of idle, useless gold; he has obtained unlimited control of all that is not tied up in these Gold Reserves—and he coins his own money like a King, filling the veins and arteries of commerce with it. Whoever controls the currency is master of everything and everybody. The banker has so manipulated ministries, cabinets, emperors, czars, kings, presidents, parliaments, congresses and the press, that he is, at this blessed moment, lord of lords, and king of kings.

In these United States, one banker controls absolutely all of the visible and available supply of money. He is J. P. Morgan. His power is vastly more absolute, unreachable and irresistible than is that of any crowned and sceptred monarch in the world. At the nod of his head, that one banker could cause a panic *now*, just as he and his associates caused those of 1907 and 1893.

* * *

When Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, and Gouverneur Morris were laying the foundations of our financial system, they adopted bi-metalism as a matter of course. The Constitution so provided. In the Convention of 1787, not a single voice was heard against the equality of the use of these two metals. Impliedly, the intention to use paper money, also, is expressed in the words forbidding the states to use anything but gold and silver.

But Hamilton's plan contemplated a partnership of wealth and government, together with a consolidation of power in the Federal system. Naturally, therefore, he favored a central bank. On the Constitutional question involved, Washington's cabinet split. One of the unaccountable things about this famous controversy is, that neither Washington, nor Hamilton, nor Edmund Randolph, made any allusion to the decisive fact—namely, the voting

down, in the Convention of 1787, of the proposition to give the Federal Government the authority to charter corporations. Washington, while no lawyer, ought to have known how much importance to attach to this expression of *the intention* of the Constitution makers. And even if Hamilton, out of policy, kept the secret locked in his own breast, there was Edmund Randolph, a really great lawyer, who knew of the Convention's action. But Randolph, who sided with Jefferson, made no use of the secret. Can it be that he considered himself bound, still, by the oath which, as a member of the Convention, he had taken?

The Charter of the old United States Bank, its history and its expiration are facts familiar to all. But in 1716, Congress chartered another one for twenty years; and when Jackson became President, it was doing business in a large way, under the management of Nicholas Biddle. While Jackson bore a grudge against the bank for having dishonored his drafts as army officer, many years previous, there is no evidence that he meant to wage against the institution a war of extermination. He had referred to it in his messages, but not in a tempestuous, Jacksonian style—the style Jackson always used "when his dander was up."

The "war" on the bank has its origin in two things, Isaac Hill's desire to oust Jeremiah Mason from the presidency of a branch bank in New Hampshire, and Henry Clay's self-confident arrogance. Nicholas Biddle refused to desert Mason, although a member of Jackson's cabinet intimated to him in an official letter that his failure to please the administration in the premises might result in something bad for his bank. It is wholly to Biddle's credit that he stood his ground, against Jackson and Isaac Hill. Jeremiah Mason was doing his duty, compelling local Democrats to pay their debts to the branch bank, and it was most discreditable to the Jacksonians that they sought Mason's removal on the score of politics.

But it was the impetuous, sanguine Henry Clay who acted the Falstaff and led the Biddle troops to where they got peppered. The charter of the bank had six more years to run, and there was no especial reason for trying to cross the bridge before they got to it. But Clay was Biddle's Congressional dependence, and nothing would do Clay but the immediate re-chartering of the bank.

So the bill was introduced prematurely. Even then, the old General at the White House evidenced no particular animosity. According to Thurlow Weed (who states the matter in a very convincing manner in his "Reminiscences") Jackson drew up a list of changes in the bill which he demanded as a condition precedent to his giving it his official approval. The paper was sent to Biddle by the President. Every officer of the bank readily consented to Jackson's terms. But Biddle felt that, as a matter of courtesy, he should submit these modifications of the bill to Clay and to Webster. Upon his doing so, Clay immediately declined to accept them. And Webster, as usual, deferred to Clay.

Biddle retired, but he and another of the officials of the bank, on further conference, were so thoroughly of the opinion that Jackson's requirements should be met, that he again sought Clay and Webster, and urged the advisability of acquiescence. But Clay was deaf to reason, became impatient (as he always did at contradiction or opposition) and declared flatly that there should be no compromise. And what the resolute Clay said, the less forceful Webster echoed.

So, much against his will, Nicholas Biddle was compelled to fight that grim old soldier whom nobody ever whipped—excepting, of course, the Washington ladies.

Congress passed the bill rechartering the bank, and Jackson vetoed it.

In his message, the President stated

that his idea of a central national bank was an institution owned and controlled by the Government. This institution would, of course, have had to issue paper money; but the notes would have been United States currency instead of bank-paper. Assuming that these notes of the Jackson bank were to be made *legal tender*, you understand, at once, that Jackson's plan was substantially the same as that of Thomas Jefferson, of John C. Calhoun, of the old Greenbackers, and of the Populists. Under Jackson's system, the Government would have created and issued *all* the money of the country—gold, silver, and paper. In other words, the Jacksonian proposition, if adopted, would have recovered for the people of this country, at least, all of the ground that had been lost since a prostitute wheedled a debauchee into dismembering the royal sovereignty.

If Andrew Jackson had but fought *for* his plan, with the same inflexible energy that he fought *against* Clay's bill, what a blessed revolution might have resulted!

But he merely threw out the suggestion, without following it up. Some of the passages of his veto message are so true and so applicable to our own plight, that they deserve to be quoted.

"Distinctions in society will always exist under every just government. Equality of talents, of education, or of wealth, can not be produced by human institutions. In the full enjoyment of the gifts of Heaven and the fruits of superior industry, economy, and virtue, every man is equally entitled to protection by law. But when the laws undertake to add to these natural and just advantages, artificial distinctions, to grant titles, gratuities, and exclusive privileges, to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society, the farmers, mechanics, and laborers, who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their government. There are no necessary evils in government. Its evils exist only in its abuses. If it would confine itself to equal protection, and, as heaven does its rains, shower its favors alike on the high and the low, the rich and the poor, it would be an unqualified blessing. In the act before me, there seems to be a wide and unnecessary departure from these just principles.

"Nor is our government to be maintained, or our Union preserved, by invasion of the rights and powers of the several States. In thus attempting to make our general government strong, we make it weak. Its true strength consists in leaving individuals and States, as much as possible, to themselves; in making itself felt, not in its power, but in its beneficence, not in its control, but in its protection, not in binding the States more closely to the center, but leaving each to move unobstructed in its proper orbit.

"Experience should teach us wisdom. Most of the difficulties our government now encounters, and most of the dangers which impend over our Union, have sprung from an abandonment of the legitimate objects of government by our national legislation, and the adoption of such principles as are embodied in this act. Many of our rich men have not been content with equal protection and equal benefits, but have besought us to make them richer by act of Congress. By attempting to gratify their desires, we have, in the results of our legislation, arrayed section against section, interest against interest, and man against man, in a fearful commotion which threatens to shake the foundations of our Union. It is time to pause in our career, to review our principles, and, if possible, revive that devoted patriotism and spirit of compromise which distinguished the sages of the revolution, and the fathers of our Union. If we can not at once, in justice to the interests vested under improvident legisla-

tion, make our government what it ought to be, we can, at least, take a stand against all new grants of monopolies and exclusive privileges, against any prostitution of our government to the advancement of the few at the expense of the many, and in favor of compromise and gradual reform in our code of laws and system of political economy.

"I have now done my duty to my country. If sustained by my fellow-citizens, I shall be grateful and happy; if not, I shall find, in the motives which impel me, ample grounds for contentment and peace. In the difficulties which surround us, and the dangers which threaten our institutions, there is cause for neither dismay nor alarm. For relief and deliverance let us firmly rely on that kind Providence which, I am sure, watches with peculiar care over the destinies of our Republic and on the intelligence and wisdom of our countrymen. Through *His* abundant goodness, and *their* patriotic devotion, our liberty and Union will be preserved."

The campaign of 1832 opened up, with Clay in the field, and Jackson a candidate for a second term. It was a walk-over for the old General. Clay got but forty-nine electoral votes, out of a total of two hundred and eighty-eight.

Backed by the people in a manner so tremendously emphatic, Jackson renewed hostilities on Biddle's bank. He ordered Duane, Secretary of the Treasury, to remove the government's money from the Biddle institution. Duane refused: the President requested the Secretary to resign, and again Duane refused. Then he was removed, and Roger B. Taney appointed in his place. The new Secretary promptly issued the order which the President desired.

The impression made by the Jackson biographies, and by most of the historians, is that the money of the Government was immediately transferred to the pet State banks. According to Charles H. Peck, author of "The Jacksonian Epoch", the deposits were not "removed" at all. The order applied to *future* revenues, which, as they came in, were placed in the State bank selected to receive them. The sum on deposit in Biddle's bank was simply checked out, from time to time, in the usual course of disbursement; and, at the end of fifteen months, four million dollars of the national funds still remained in the national bank.

During the contest, Biddle and his associates had caused a panic, the purpose being to create a clamor against Jackson, a pressure which he could not resist. Under a similar test, we saw President Cleveland's boasted "backbone" turn to tallow in 1893. When the Wall Street bankers, under the lead of J. P. Morgan, caused a panic "to give the country an object lesson", Cleveland fell into a pitiable state of blue funk. To Congressman William C. Oates, of Alabama, he cried in terror, "My God, Oates! The bankers have got the country by the leg!"

Then followed the infamous midnight-conference with Morgan, who came to the White House demanding a bond-issue, and got it. The contract, was drawn by Francis Lynde Stetson, Cleveland's former law-partner, *(The firm of Cleveland & Stetson were attorneys for J. P. Morgan & Company.)* and under ths contract, Morgan and his pals divided a profit of $11,000,000, in less than a week.

The heroic bearing of Andrew Jackson, at the same kind of a crisis is so vividly described by Joseph G. Baldwin, in his "Political Leaders", that I quote the passage:

"Besides, Jackson always had the sagacity to disguise his strong measures in popular forms. Whether his acts were always popular or not, his reasoning always was. Whether his proceedings were despotic or not, he defended them upon the principles and in

the name of freedom. It was *the Bank*, he charged, that was the tyrant. *It* was seeking to overturn the government, and to enslave and corrupt the people. *It* was buying up members of Congress and subsidizing the press. It was producing the panic and pressure, which disordered commerce, and crippled industry, and turned out labor to starve, in order to force upon the people its own financial system, and a renewal of its existence. It had violated its charter. It had closed its doors against investigation. It had been false to its contracts. It had expended vast sums of money in electioneering schemes and practices against the government. It had assumed a tone of haughty insolence towards the President, as disrespectful to the office as to the incumbent. Its president lived in a style befitting a prince of the blood royal. From his palace of Andalusia he came to his marble palace in Philadelphia, to issue his ukases which caused the stocks to rise and fall all over the world. He was the Money King—'the despot with the quill behind his ear', whom John Randolph said he feared more than a tyrant with epaulettes. He could make money plentiful or scarce, property high or low, men rich or poor, as he pleased. He could reward and he could punish; could set up and pull down. His favor was wealth, his enmity ruin. He was a government, over which the people had no control.

"Thus, it will be seen, with what exquisite tact the President presented the issue to the people. It was the issue of a powerful money oligarchy, in its last struggles for power denied by the people, warring against the government the people had set up. Jackson stood the impersonation of the popular sovereignty, warring against an usurping moneyed institution— an enormous shaving-shop. St. George and the Dragon was only the ante-type of Jackson and the Monster!

"The truth is, that what Jackson lacked of material to make head against the Bank, the Bank more than supplied. Biddle, its president, seems to have been a worse politician than financier. From the first hostile demonstration of the President, to the final explosion of the new institution, into which the assets and management of the National Bank were carried, the whole series of movements was a series of blunders and follies.

"If the Bank had been bent upon ruin, it could have taken no surer method of suicide. The opposition of its friends in Congress to an investigation into its affairs; its contributions towards the publication of political papers and pamphlets; its large loans to newspaper editors, and to members of Congress; the immense extension of its line of discounts—these things, however innocent, naturally gave rise to suspicion, and suspicion, in its case, was conviction. The tone it adopted in its report, towards the President, or, rather, towards the paper sent to the cabinet, signed 'Andrew Jackson', was in as bad taste as policy. The truth is, the President of the Bank greatly underrated the President of the United States. Jackson was a much abler man than Biddle supposed. The unlearned man of the backwoods knew the American people better than the erudite scholar of the refined metropolis. The tenant of the Hermitage was, by all odds, a wiser politician than the lord of the princely demesne of Andalusia.

"It is true that the crisis was a sharp one. Great distress was felt, great clamor was raised, immense excitement prevailed. The storm burst suddenly, too, and with tropical fury. The President's friends fell off like autumnal leaves in a hurricane. The party leaders grew anxious, many of them were panic-stricken, and some of them deserted; but the pilot at the helm stood like another Palinurus in the storm. The distress was confined mostly to the commercial cities. Jackson's

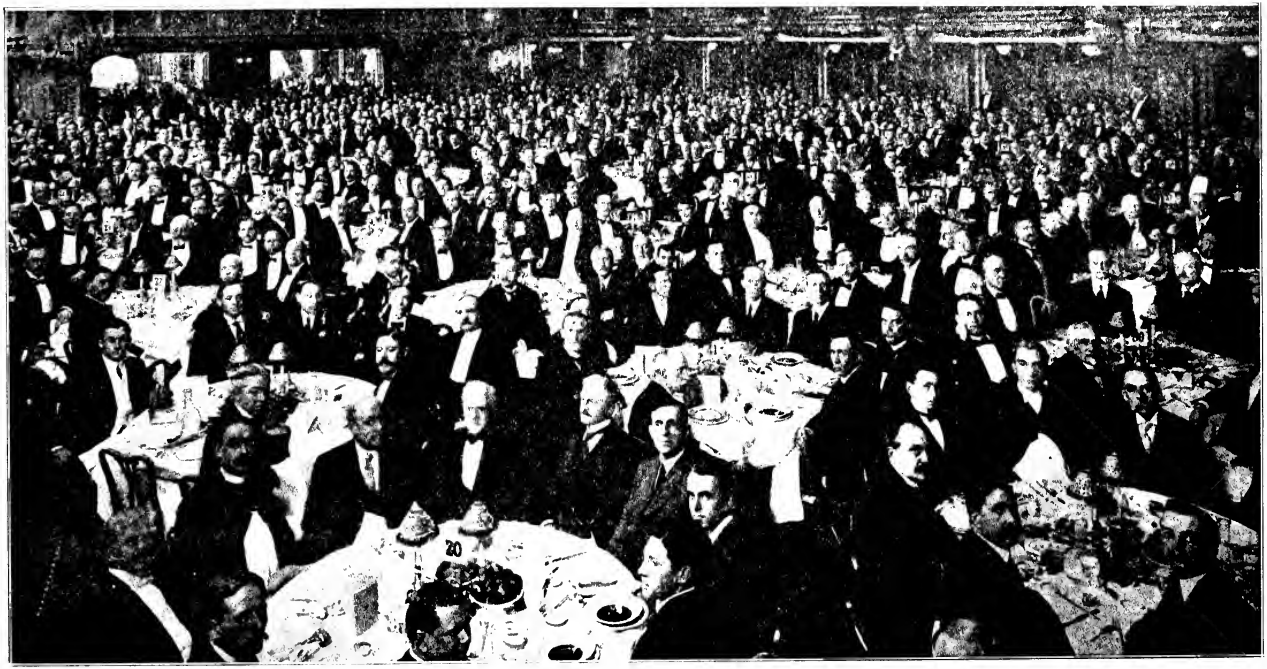
reliance was mainly on the rural districts, and, luckily for him, these contained the great mass of the population, devoted to the calm and independent pursuit of husbandry, and devoted to him. The farmers were, to a great extent, independent of banks and free of debt, and depending for support upon the sale of necessaries, which generally commanded, under all states of the money market, remunerating prices.

"That there was great distress could not be denied. But whose fault was it? The Bank laid the blame on the President; the President laid it on the Bank. Which was to be believed? The *immediate* cause was the conduct of the Bank in withdrawing its circulation; but this was made necessary, it was said, by the withdrawal of the public money. This was denied; and it was charged that the Bank had, by the unnecessary and corrupt extension of its discounts and accomodations, put itself into the necessity of this sharp measure of protection, even if such necessity existed.

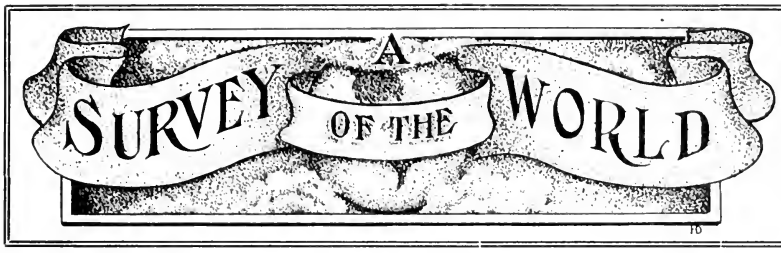
"But relief was at hand. The deposits were placed in the vaults of the state-banks. The United States Bank was out of the way. The funds of the government, overflowing in all its channels of revenue, became the feeders to numberless Bogus banks all over the country. Bank charters multiplied in the land. A state of almost fabulous prosperity, as it seemed, set in. The revolution went back for the first time. But the calm was worse than the storm —the prosperity worse than the adversity. And here was the great, and, for a time as it turned out, the fatal error of the Democratic party. It had not provided for the exigencies it created. The United States Bank was put down, but where was the substitute? The bank had been the fiscal agent of the government, in fact the treasury; what was to succeed to its duties? If the public money was not safe in the United States Bank, it could scarcely be considered safe in the various shin-plaster concerns that had sprung up, like toadstools, all over the Union; nor could individuals, in such wild and uncertain times, especially without new restrictions and securities, be intrusted with the enormous sums coming into the hands of the government, when every man was a speculator, and every speculation seemed a fortune! It could scarcely have escaped the sagacity of the politicians, who were inveighing, every day, against the evils of the credit and paper system, that this enormous banking, so suddenly and prodigiously increased, must, at no distant day, lead to a monetary crisis, which, compared with that following the removal of the deposits, would be like a hurricane to a zephyr. But no adequate safeguard was provided. Present peace was purchased at the expense of future overthrow; and it was bequeathed to Mr. Van Buren to reap the whirlwind, from the wind sown by his predecessor.

"But for the present, the sky cleared again. Jackson rallied his hosts. He recovered his lost ground; he regained his captured standards; he cashiered the deserters, and inspired throughout the country a fresher zeal for the party, and an almost superstitious conviction of his own invincibility."

MEEK AND LOWLY (?) FOLLOWERS OF THE LAMB



THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT BANQUET IN THE HOTEL ASTOR, NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.—(*See page 194.*)



By TOM DOLAN

WE breathe again. The British elections are over, and the Liberals have won! Theirs was not a "walk-over", and their strength hereafter will not come of themselves alone, but through coalescence with the Irish faction and the Union-Labor party. This accomplishes all that could have been hoped in the reform of the House of Lords, and assures the passage of the Lloyd-George unprecedented tax budget and also brings squarely before the administration the question of Home Rule. John Redmond literally holds the "balance of power" and the prospects for his cause were never so bright.

RESULT OF ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

The Tory went down to defeat, after the approved Tory fashion—fighting. England could not forget that its Tories were Britishers, and that the scarlet coat of many a Lord had blazed as the "red badge of courage" upon countless battlefields; but, after all, the Constitution was dearer than Hereditary Privilege, and while the Lord will always get the salute of the doffed cap and the horny knuckle upon the forelock of the peasantry, he will hereafter meddle decidedly less with the policies of government.

Where there are several victors, as in this election, there are varied spoils to be demanded and divided; so Mr. Asquith's leadership of Parliament will be no child's play, but work demanding a master-diplomat and a forceful man withal. Success to the *NEW ORDER!*

LOUIS R. GLAVIS has drawn first blood in the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation—no question about that. He has his facts on so straight that the compliment is paid him of an expert cross-examination. Mr. Ballinger is to have his paid attorneys for defense, and Mr. Pinchot will be extended like courtesy, as a matter of course, if he cares to take this course.

PINCHOT AND BALLINGER TO DATE.

Ballinger's need for an attorney, in this connection, is equivalent to a confession of guilt. "Facts is facts" and these are all the Committee ought to dally with. Such complications as cross-examinations and oratorical hot-air are neither required, nor in the least becoming to the gentleman under investigation. For, let it be made perfectly plain—it is Mr. Richard Achilles Ballinger who is being "investigated", not Mr. Pinchot. Nobody has brought up anything against the latter gentleman and the "controversy" is not over the relative merits of the two men, but hinges simply upon sustaining or denying the charges made by the ex-Chief of the Forestry Service against the Secretary of the Interior.

The thoughtful suggestion has been made before that Ballinger ought to resign. He is a Cabinet officer, while Mr. Pinchot is at present merely a pri-

vate citizen. But Mr. Ballinger hath a pachydermatous hide, and the suggestion seems not to have penetrated. We make it again, deferentially, of course, but without much confidence that it will prick. Skin, you know, is divided up into heat, cold and touch areas in ordinary people, but the thick-hided like Richard Achilles must mostly possess the cold spots, possibly some points where he may wax hot and wrathy, but they couldn't be accused of sensitiveness.

Mr. Pinchot is the lion of the hour. He takes the spontaneous adulation modestly,—one might say, shyly,—and has not permitted any personal resentment to alter his patriotic motives, his insistence that *CONSERVATION* is too urgent and vital a matter to the whole people to permit personal differences among a few officials to hinder the passage of the necessary laws to protect our forests, minerals and water power. In this, he has shown himself not only a good man, and a sincere man, but a Big man, in the true sense of the word.

AND STILL— WHO DID GET THE PANAMA CANAL DOUGH?

THE Panama Libel suit is dead. Given a severe wound by Judge Anderson, of the United States Circuit Court of Indianapolis, last October, in the case brought to his Court against Delavan Smith, of the Indianapolis *News*, the fatal blow followed when Judge Hough, of the United States Circuit Court, of New York, threw out the suit there against Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the *World*.

Neither Judge hesitated to apply Attic salt to the wounds, in the shape of delicate Judicial levity which simply ridiculed the effort to resurrect an ancient statute and make it, by misinterpretaton, not only a means by which Government officials could gag the press, but to take out of the common law courts of sovereign States their right and duty to try libel cases. Judge Anderson declared that publishers could not be "dragged from their homes" to the District of Columbia and punished for criticizing the President because some copies of their papers chanced to circulate in Washington; and Judge Hough stated that, if libel had been committed, the State Courts of New York were the tribunals to which to appeal.

So far, so good. The only regret the public can entertain at the collapse of the suits, is that they are still in Judge Anderson's state of unappeased curiosity as to "who got the money". It is well that the freedom of the press, and the right of the States have been upheld, but it is not improper here to remark that it is probably just as well for Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard and Charles P. Taft, Douglas Robinson and Wm. Nelson Cromwell that the investigation ceases with the crumbling of the libel suits.

THAT CANAL'S A NUISANCE!

A WHITE elephant in the parlor would be far less embarrassing to a householder than that Panama Canal, by the way. While the Ship Subsidy thieves through their paid emissaries are trying to shove that infamous bill through the present Congress under the innocent name of "Merchant Marine", Admiral Robley D. Evans has been giving the public a few points as to the operation of the canal which show up the glaring, miserable inconsistency of the scheme. Unless the canal be free to this Merchant Marine, they simply can't afford to use it at all, so that so far as this country is benefited, the result will be a disastrous financial failure. Says "Fighting Bob":

"If the canal charges were $16,000, that amount of money converted into Welsh coal at Valparaiso means 1,000 tons, and if we allow half of this, or 500 tons for the trip each way, we find that the ship can pass through the Straits of Magellan, steam up the coast nearly to the Canal, and then retrace her ocurse to

her home port as she came, more cheaply than by passing through the new waterway.

"The point at which the trade of the Pacific Coast of South America would divide between the Panama Canal route and the Straits of Magellan route has been fixed as just south of Valdivia in Chile, but by reason of canal rates the dividing point must be shifted north about 4,000 miles, which will give the Magellan route all the commerce, at least as far north as Callao in Peru. If we say that four-fifths of the trade of this coast—which has heretofore gone to the credit of Panama—will remain where it is, we shall not be far wrong. Nothing but a free canal can change this condition."

So the howl that, unless we fork over the coin to a few ship-builders, we will have no Merchant Marine to use the canal, becomes even more ridiculous. We've already got 25,425 ships to use the canal, if it is ever built, but the chances are that the railroads will fix the rates so that they will be able to transport their goods from one side of the isthmus to the other, or go around the Straits of Magellan, far cheaper than they can make use of the canal. Obviously then, we should subsidize them enough to more than make up to them the loss they will sustain, or be in the silly attitude of subsidizing ships to "carry the American Flag" which won't go through an American-owned canal.

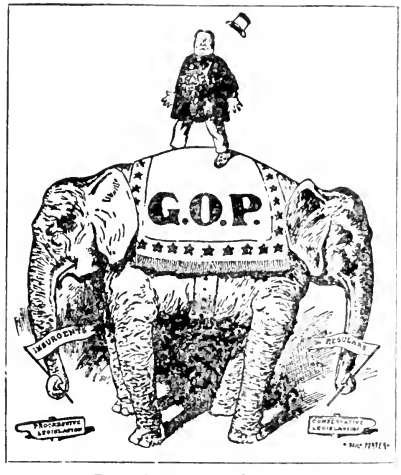
The subsidy, big steal that it is, would not aid American commerce at all, and once such a bill passes, each year will see the cry for additional grants increased, all of which will, as per everything else, go into the pockets of the Special Interests.

* * * *

John Temple Graves has so far forgotten his origin that he can lend his feeble voice to the demand that the over-burdened agricultural masses of the South and West, the factory toilers and clerks of the North and East, be burdened with this gross tax. But then, he is one of the hirelings of the Hearst papers, and the Hearst papers are the hirelings of the Subsidy thieves.

FOUR years is but a span, chronologically speaking, but it is a terribly long period through which to steer an administration, as William H. Taft is discovering, to his chagrin. The prospects for the G. O. P. are darker than ever in its history, and less than a year is apt to see our President standing alone, the doughty champion of "The Party" against a militant band of insurgents, both Democratic and Republican.

TAFT'S TROUBLES.



Coming or Going?

From the Boston *Traveler*

Twenty-four Republican Senators must succeed themselves, or be replaced, while Congressional elections will come thick and fast. Many of these represent the very flower of the Old Guard Stand-Patters. Aldrich, of Payne-Aldrich infamy; "Copper King" Clark, of Wyoming; Depew the malodorous, of New York; Du Pont, of Delaware, head of the Powder Trust; Dick, of Ohio, instigator of the outrageous Dick

bill, being among the most notorious Senatorial scoundrels who ever disgraced that body.

(The Dick bill, by the way, went into full effect on January 21, 1910. Under it, we have no longer any gubernatorial authority over the State troops. This is one of the greatest victories ever won by the Special Interests, and we went down without firing a shot worth mentioning. The President can now order troops from one State to go into and police the people of another State. Let a strike be in progress, and the "riot call" will be sent to the White House, and the President will use his increased power to crush the laborer utterly. Even in the strike at McKeesport Rocks, bad as it was, the officers and soldiers of Pennsylvania just couldn't strike down their neighbors. Brutality was present, unfortunately, but despite instances of beating and of trespass which did occur, the majority of the deputies didn't like their job, and were ready to fire into the air, instead of into the bodies of the miners. These miners were aliens, too, which might have and doubtless must have aggravated the tension between troops and strikers. Nevertheless, sympathy was there, and fellow-feeling, and the shame of the soldiery at the dirtiness of their task. It won't be so, any more. The "Seventy-first Texas Rangers"—the negro troop which recently paraded the streets of New York amid the plaudits of the Negrophiles there, can be sent into Georgia, to quell such strikes as occurred on the Georgia Railroad last summer. Think of that, spineless and corrupt Congress which passed this infamous bill!—we'll not lack a galling example of the effect before many months have passed.)

Unless Mr. Taft can save himself through the passage of the Postal Savings Bank, to which he is pledged, and by giving the country some positive relief from the thralldom of high prices, he will be stranded, high and dry, like a fat hen clucking vainly to unheeding Congressional ducklings. The G. O. P. is in dire extremity, brought about by Mr. Taft's alliance with the worst element of his party, many of whom are old men whose earthly, as well as political day, must soon be past. The sacrifice of Cannon is really pathetic. He will hardly dare contest again for Speakership, which spells for him oblivion. The country will rejoice at his downfall, but the principle of "honor among thieves" really ought to protect Cannon, the faithful servitor of oilier rascals, who, to save their real power, are now only too eager to kick Cannon out as a sop to indignant insurgents, and outraged constituencies.

Poor old Uncle Joe—vulgar and corrupt—has no power in himself. He has been but the tool, the mouthpiece, of wilier ones, and "getting rid of Cannon" while removing one sore from the body politic, will avail nothing until the blood thereof be purified by new men and decent standards.

THE FOOD TRUSTS.

BURNING with a rage as yet impotent, the American people are aroused as never before to their situation. The war on High Prices develops strength from the information it feeds upon, and the Congressional Investigating Committee simply writhes at its impossible task—which is that of attempting to put back the scales that are falling from the eyes of men and women of all parties and classes. The Committee is expected to whitewash the infamous Tariff system by the familiar old saw: "Back to the Farm!" or the recent cry of "overproduction of gold." Overproduction of fiddlesticks! So far as the farms are concerned, it seems they overproduce enough meat for shipment to foreign countries to be able to sell fresh meat in England at three to five cents per pound less than it can be purchased by the consumer at home. The Chicago man pays more for meat than the Londoner has to plank down, after all

The Modern Ark —New York *World*

railroad and ocean freight has been paid half across the world! Germany raised the cry of a Tariff war, and Taft backed down at the threat that German markets would be closed to the American packer, while American people are pinched in all cases, and starving in many!

What a beautiful, patriotic condition of affairs!

The boycott on meat, while valuable as a protest, or as giving each family something to do toward increasing the demand for a square deal, merely assists the cold-storage monopolists who have been proven to have cornered the market on meat and eggs by buying up supplies for months and years in advance and holding these necessaries of life until they could extort the last millray the traffic would bear!

The direct result of the Food Trust is hunger to the masses. But the indirect result is even worse, when the appalling increase in crime, in suicide —and most distressing of all—infant mortality is concerned.

We have allowed heartless corporations to mangle and maim and kill the men who should protect their homes; have seen thousands of women and girls thrown into the merciless grind of varied industries so long as they were strong enough to bear it, and then left them to the horrors of invalidism and unprotected pauperism; have allowed them to feed the maw of the White-Slave traffic; have watched them destroy the lives and hopes of little children—and let them poison and starve little babies!

God! What sort of civilization is it that sees an army of young mothers forced to desert their nurslings in order to help eke out the family living!

There is no paper in which these awful headlines do not stare one in the face:

"DISCOURAGED, HE BLOWS HIS BRAINS OUT"

"UNABLE TO FIND WORK, HE DESERTS HIS FAMILY"

"PENNILESS, A YOUNG GIRL TAKES POISON"

And so on, through the long, terrible list of utter despair, hopeless suffering.

THIS is the result of Monopoly. *THIS* is what the "Tariff for Protection" means. It has taken the toll of countless human lives, has swept into Hell (if we are orthodox enough to believe in that) millions of sinning souls and, more cruel than Herod has murdered the very hope and promise of the race, to make the benighted average voter see it, but at last—at last—the Truth is plain!

NEW York appears to be in the hands of an aggressive and progressive administration, and friend and foe alike are admitting that, to date, Mayor Gaynor has made good. Within the first month of his incumbency the new broom swept clean many former abuses. The city's pay-roll has been cut down $750,000, and the employees have to be on the job at least seven hours, instead of the dawdling heretofore allowed. This is a fine record, and other reforms are in prospect looking to notable economies in all the departments, and a high standard of efficiency. If Mayor Gaynor continues as he has started out, his services to his city will be invaluable and his political future assured. There is a whole lot in the make-up of the man at the helm. Contrast for a moment the President of the United States with the mayor of the biggest, most intricate and one of the most corrupt of its municipalities. Mr. Taft had virtually no enemies, he held almost universal confidence. His pitiable partisanship has lost him countless friends, made him innumerable enemies, and destroyed practically every vestige of the trust that was so generously given by his country. Judge Gaynor was disliked and distrusted from the outset, and, although elected to the office, the election was practically a barren victory for the

GAYNOR HAS DONE WELL.

party which nominated him. Yet his manliness so far has silenced opposition, and won for him not only local confidence but the approval of the whole United States, which takes more than a casual interest in the affairs of Gotham and the conduct of its official head.

MR. TAFT'S recommendation that postal rates be increased on magazines has stirred up a hornet's nest in the shape of the livest sort of opposition from as wide-awake a class as could be found anywhere in the broad land. With a concerted voice, they are certainly "showing him" a few cold facts in reference to the postal deficit that will relieve him of at least one of the many burdens of ignorance he has complacently borne these many years.

THE POSTAL RATE INCREASE.

Incidentally, they are enlightening their readers as to the abuses of the franking privilege, the antiquated and unbusinesslike methods prevalent in that department, and subsidy actually paid to the grasping railroads, the egregious profits of the express monopoly and a lot of other things.

JEFFERSONIAN readers need no detailed information about any of these matters, as they are thoroughly conversant with the abuses under which the common people have been laboring—but it is, after all, a fine thing that so widespread and determined a crusade has been started.

Not all magazines are educational. Many of them prefer the lighter field of amusing their readers. Others are unfortunately silent on many questions which ought to be given the widest publicity. But the news that leads direct to the pocket-book having been stimulated on postal rates, it is found that the topic can not be discussed at all without proving conclusively the urgent need for a Parcels-Post, and for Government ownership of railroads. They'll all be Populistic, after awhile.

* * * *

Peeved at criticism, Mr. Taft let it out very plainly that the suggestion to put up the postal rates was aimed at the "muckraking" magazine. Muckraking means saying anything that Mr. Taft or Mr. Hitchcock doesn't like, you know.

But it is a rather hard job to attempt to penalize the press,—just as hard as it was for Mr. Taft to keep the secret of the real purpose behind the cry for more pennies per pound of second-class mail carried, and he waxed impudently garrulous and let the secret out. And now the timid occasional critic, and the

OH, SO LONESOME!

—Baltimore *Sun*

few who were always independent enough to say what they thought as to Mr. Taft's and any other administrations have been joined by a chorus he'd probably give a good deal to still, before it subsides.

There'll probably be no increase attempted; but the publishers having proved to their full satisfaction as well as that of the public that they are already paying much more per pound than they would need to do under a "square deal", no collapse of the ill-advised Taft recommendation will stop the rising demand for an abolition of the graft through which there is a deficit at all in a department that ought to be profitable—if express and railroad monopoly would allow it to be.

GETTING THE "MAN HIGHER UP".

COLLECTOR LOEB is happy in the indictment, at last, of one man of the Sugar Trust who is "higher up", the Secretary, Charles R. Heike, who has recently been arraigned in the criminal branch of the United States Circuit Court, charged with making false entries of sugar cargoes and conspiring to defraud the Government.

Several other men employed by the Trust in minor capacities were indicted at the same time, while four former checkers and weighers, Boyle, Coyle, Kehoe and Hennesy, are now doing time on Blackwell's Island.

This actually looks like making real progress toward getting the "malefactors of great wealth", although the way is yet long before Heike will be ready to join Charles W. Morse, or Banker John R. Walsh, who began serving a five-year sentence at Leavenworth, Kansas, the latter part of January. That these two, with the possibility of other wealthy criminals, should be brought to justice is the thin of the wedge that will one day pry up, and cast into the wayside ditch, the great stumbling block that has lain immovably in the path of righteousness.

For the little fellows, there must inevitably be sympathy. They were indeed victims of a system. They should not have broken the law, of course, and probably they knew right from wrong in every sense where their own dealings with mankind were concerned, but such frauds as they were practising was the familiar and accepted part of the day's routine. They didn't originate it, they derived no profit from it—they would have lost their jobs and been replaced by a hundred eager, job-hungry men if they had scrupled to follow the long winked-at dishonesties. In view of this, and in view of the fact that these men were the scape-goats of the Trust, as well as the victims of a justice that in their case is abstract, it is decidedly up to the prosecution not only to get, but to keep, the guilty officials who forced their employees to steal and waxed prosperous on the product of trickery, almost Fagin-like in its pettiness, nastiness and sheer treachery.

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE DOLLAR.

DOLLAR Diplomacy, exposed in its naked lust, will owe much to Mr. Knox for its downfall. What an Elihu Root might have done, with hyena-like slyness, can not be accomplished by his transparent and enfeebled under-study, Mr. Knox. Well for the world at large that this is so. The signs of Latin American union grow stronger, instead of abating. Suspicion of impure motive has at last become a certainty, and the rape of American capital upon helpless little republics has progresed too far to be masked under any diplomatic palterings.

An editorial, translated by the *Literary Digest*, from the *Diaro del Hogar*, reads:

"The people of Mexico protest unanimously against the Yankee intervention. In view of this flagrant violation of the rights of independent nations the outraged nationalities must rise; the sister races must stand side by side and affirm their community of origin and of ideals.

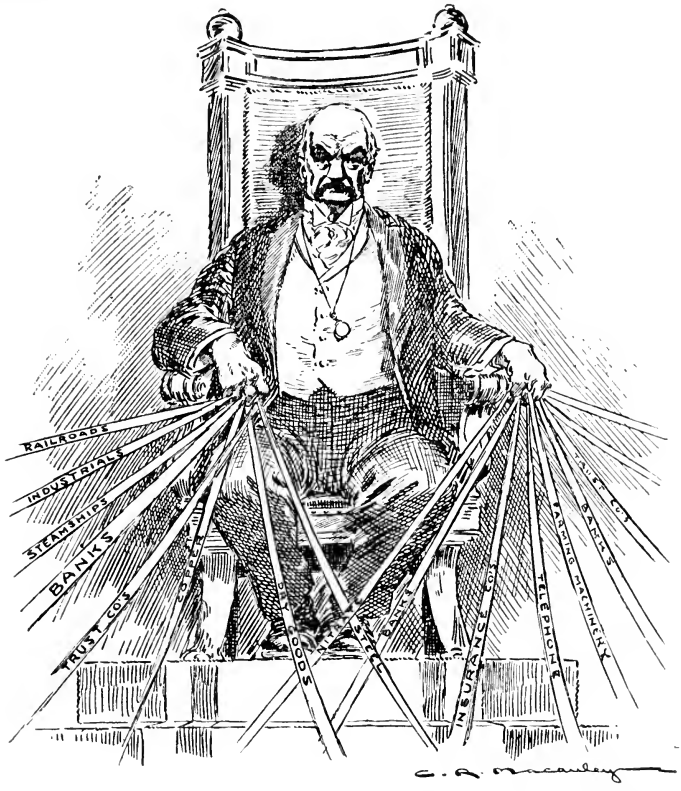
"In presence of this powerful and open threat of oppression we must forget our differences and unite for the welfare of Latin America, for the weal of our respective countries and to protect our independence.

"The eagle on the White House is sharpening its claws ready to prey upon our liberties. The Yankee Napoleon is already disposing of our future, forgetting that St. Helena is not far.

"Be assured, O Central Americans, that as soon as the nations enclosed between the Rio Grande and Patagonia fathom the true intentions of those self-appointed apostles of a civilization they do not themselves understand, they shall form an indissoluble alliance which will bring about once more the Homeric tragedy enacted at Waterloo.

"Central Americans, the sympathies of the Mexican people are on your side. Courage!"

This language comes under the ban of "florid". It has been so long since our fat ears could tolerate its like in our own land, that it may be said to have perished when chivalry expired, and when patriotism became an aberration of "academic" fools.



One-Man Power —New York *World*

Business needs none of this high-falutin' nonsense—no, sir! "Flagrant violation of rights," forsooth! What has such ancient drivel to do with *BUSINESS?* What are liberties of

any sort worth when it comes to grinding out *DIVIDENDS?* Practical folks want none of this obsolete rot.

But Oh, what a jar is going to come, my countrymen, when these United States are no longer cock of the Central American walk! When Europe ceases to look on with cynical smiles to aggressions in which it is not concerned, and takes charge of a few affairs in the Orient and in South America and the isles of the sea. It will be another story, and a bitter but deserved lesson to us, who have surrendered our dearly-bought liberties to a privileged class which now thirsts for the blood of foreign toilers.

THEY QUIETLY SAT DOWN ON MR. KNOX.

NEUTRALIZATION of the Manchurian railway zone is a delightful phrase that means to China just about what benevolent assimilation has meant to the Philippines. Our little Philander Corporation Knox is the daddy of the new morsel in phraseology, which is likely to remain but a delicate addition to glittering generalities, for, between dealing with enfeebled Latins and highly virile nations like Japan and Russia there is a chill, grim distance.

Some time ago, Philander had the insolence to propose in what in diplomatic language is termed a "note" to the four powers, Russia, China, England and Germany, that they and the United States lend to China the money to buy up the railway lines which cuts through that territory from Harbin on the north to Port Arthur on the south, and connects with the Siberian transcontinental railroad to Vladivostok, and Pekin: in other words, to force China to buy and to build railroads, at the expense of her people, for the ostensible benefit of the various powers which want not only an "open door" undisputed possession of the basement, an elevator to the attic and access to the private apartments.

J. Pierpont Morgan was, of course, to get the lion's share of the unneeded and unwanted loan, on China's part, but the Steel Trust to have the market for rails, cars, etc.

Politely, but firmly, Japan and Russia rejected this unblushing impudence, while England could not, however greedy, lend herself to the scheme without violating the treaty of 1899, whereby she signed an agreement with Russia that English capitalists were to be estopped from obtaining railroad or other concessions north of the Great Wall.

China is helpless and harried. Already she has been loaded with debt to the Morgan crowd, and the insatiable Money Trust demands that her millions be further enslaved.

Japan and Russia both have designs upon Manchuria, of course, but as yet these are more military than commercial, and God knows it is better for any nation to fall under the sword of the conqueror than to perish at the hands of the Money Kings! This is said in all solemnity: the horrors of open war can not parallel the slow, cruel sapping of the life-blood of the people that occurs yearly in this "land of the free".

THE CORPORATION TAX ON THE GRILL.

IT is estimated that the corporation tax of one per cent. upon net earnings will swell the Government revenues over $25,000,000. That is, if it be collected. That, as Kipling says, "is another story," in which the first chapter is almost ready to be recorded. The Constitutionality of the tax is to be tested at an early date in the case of Stella P. Flint, guardian of Samuel N. Stone, Jr., against the Stone-Tracy Company, of Windsor, Vermont, and which was brought to prevent the corporation from filing a statement of its indebtedness—an indispensable part of the accounting by which net profits are to be determined, of course.

Issues raised in this case are:

"Whether the tax is direct in the constitutional sense and is void because not apportioned among the States in proportion to their population.

"Whether the tax improperly interferes with the general taxing power of the State to create corporations.

"Whether the tax is invalid so far as the net income of a corporation may be attributable to State or municipal bonds held by the corporation as part of its business capital.

"Whether the tax is invalid in the case of public service corporations chartered by a State.

"Whether the taxing act makes an improper distinction between corporations on the one hand and partnerships and individuals on the other hand engaged in the same business.

"Whether the exemptions enumerated in the statute are sustainable."

An Aladdin's Lamp of Today — Boston *Herald*

The trial of this case before the Su-

preme Court is naturally awaited with the keenest anxiety. As it was the President's pet measure—a ruse by which the passage of the Income Tax bill was sought to be diverted—it is one which Taft and administration supporters desire upheld, and the corporations themselves are not really antagonistic to it, since they will see to it that the payment of the tax involves no hardship, while affording them a very desirable degree of immunity from prosecution. As for the rest of the country, it has always felt that the Corporation Tax was conceived in sham, and could only grow into a great national menace from its equivalence to a Federal license that would transcend the powers of the States themselves in any effort they might make to check corporation abuses.

* * * *

In Boston, another suit has been brought involving the Constitutionality of this tax, in the suit of Catherine C. Cook, and others, versus the Boston Wharf Company, to the Federal Court there. The Cooks pray injunction against the Company making any returns, or paying any tax, called for under this Act. Four interesting points are made: First, that the measure is unconstitutional, in that it originated in the United States Senate, and not in the House. Second, that it deprives stockholders in the corporation of property "without due process of law" and because it denies equal rights to all, corporations being taxed while individuals are exempt. Third, that it violates Article I, Section 9, which provided that no direct taxes shall be imposed. The fourth point is that, in any event, Congress has no power to tax the franchise of a corporation derived from the State.

States' rights—in Massachusetts! And genuine right, too. The Boston Wharf Company is the creature of Massachusetts, and, as such, is subject to taxation and control by that State. To tax it under Federal provision can but open the vexed question of double taxation, and can but weaken to absolute nullification the authority of the State to deal with its creature.

* * * *

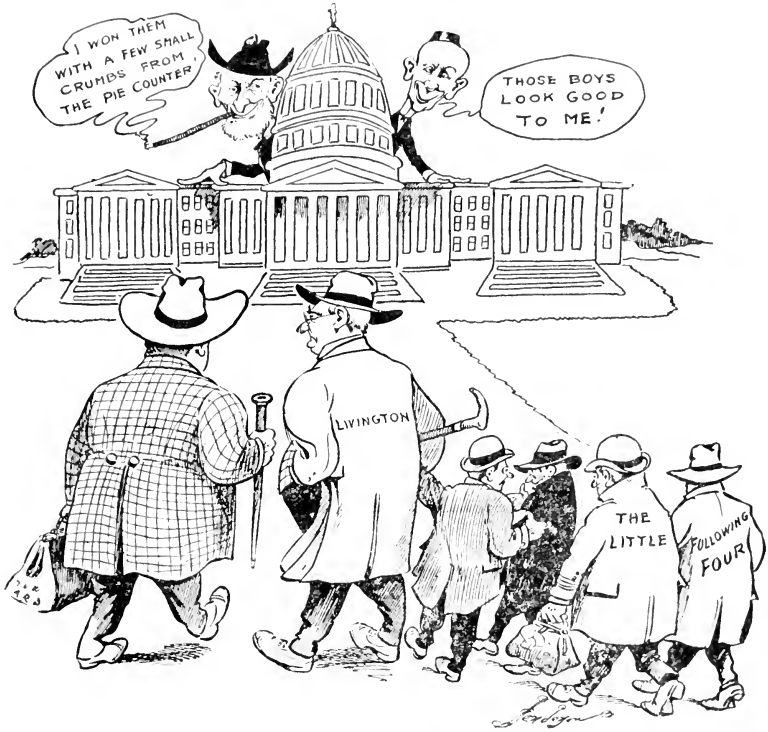
The Supreme Court is an august tribunal noted for making its decisions, and then finding the law and the precedent to sustain them. But it will be a pretty bit of technicality to determine, under any sort of Constitutional construction, why a State must not levy a tax on a railroad, as in Oklahoma, because the railroad is doing business there under Federal franchise obtained before Oklahoma was given Statehood; and yet why the National Government can step in and tax a local corporation chartered by Massachusetts. There can be no refuge under the happy confusion between inter and intra-state concerns—the question must be fought out in the open, and not only the tax itself, but the rational consistency of the Supreme Court is involved.

IT HAS SERVED ITS DAY— LET IT DROP.

WILL the National Immigration Commission be allowed quietly to expire, for lack of the revivifying juice of $125,000 provided for it in the Urgent Deficiency bill? It will, if Representative Macon, of Arkansas, has his way about it—and there be others who are inclined to lean toward his view as to the extravagance of this particular Commission.

It would be difficult to proceed along any line of special investigation without deputizing particular persons to carry on the work; but with singular unanimity these commissions all ignore the valuable statistics that could be had for the asking from reliable official sources, in favor of the "personally conducted" excursions which gallantly include the wives, daughters, mothers-in-laws, sisters and cousins of the

shrewd investigators as well as all their political friends who may want a Baedeker tour. The Immigration Commission had Alpine tours, "shaves and shines", and all incidentals of a pleasure trip charged up to Uncle Sam.



The Congressmen who put on Georgia the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill

—Ft. Gaines (Ga.) *Blade and Bludgeon*

Mr. Macon charges that the Immigration Commission had already spent $657,993 and had accomplished practically nothing.

The personnel of the body is made up of Senator Dillingham, of Vermont; Senator Lodge, Representatives Howell, of New Jersey; Burnett, of Alabama; Professor J. W. Jenks, of Cornell University, and William R. Wheeler, of San Francisco.

There is no doubt but that commissions in general have abused their privileges and that the people are getting sick and tired of these prolonged pseudo-investigations, and reckless extravagances. The National Immigration Commission brought to light nothing new, although in its report on the actual existence of the "White-Slave" traffic it rendered a certain service in recording this horror in a Government

document, where its truth could not be lightly discounted by those who sneer at every expose as unfounded "sensationalism". But it should require no $125,000 or other big sum for the Commission to wind up its work. It has done little enough,—that little is freely admitted and may be covered in a few words—and its continuance only means handing out to gentlemen already well fixed a nice lot of sinecures at public expense.

PARIS IN HER DESOLATION.

WHENEVER a calamity overtakes a country or a city, the cause and effect loom large in the public mind.

Paris, threatened with destruction in the recent overflow of the Seine and Loire Rivers, has many lessons to learn from what almost forced an overwhelming disaster.

From a hygienic point of view, Paris has ever been regarded as standing for much that meant protection to the public health.

As an art center, Paris was filled with treasures whose history has been identified with every decade of French history.

Architecturally, Paris was regarded as possessing the finest examples extant of builders' arts.

All this wealth of art has been in gravest danger, due to a failure to guard the conduits from the internal pressure of the waters of the Seine, and when 800 miles of sewers were filled to bursting by the flooded river, the situation may be imagined.

As the waters rose, the result was a direct backing up of this output into the city, and the consequences may be most disastrous, resulting in an epidemic of typhoid and other fevers.

The population of Paris is so great as to make this problem an overwhelming one. To prevent such a catastrophe occurring again, the municipality will probably look to a better disposition of the city's waste, than by this method which may ultimately cause a tremendous loss of life, should an epidemic of fever occur.

The money loss will be tremendous, as it will cost thousands of dollars to make safe the places which were undermined by the incoming waters.

The Parisians, volatile in their sorrows as in their pleasures, made a holiday of their predicament and were only kept from visiting the endangered parts of the city by strict police regulations.

Whether the gay capital will benefit from the lesson it should have learned, or whether it will not concern itself with improving, rebuilding and adoption of more hygienic methods, of course remains to be seen.

The sympathy of the world was extended to Paris and the many substantial offerings of money will aid greatly in the work of repairing the damage to boulevards and buildings.

Fortunately none of the art treasures were destroyed.

The lawless element added terror to the conditions brought about by the flood; gangs of "Apaches", as the criminal class of Paris is called, looted houses and robbed living and dead.

Strict enforcement of police and military rules soon caused the cessation of these depredations, several of the Apaches being killed at their inhuman work.

Paris the fair and beautiful will probably regain all her lost prestige and rebuild more wisely for the future.

GROWING HORRORS OF MINING.

WHEN the ancients were in doubt as to effects, they always looked for phenomena which might be blamed as causes. During the visitation of comets, if any untoward calamity occurred, the ancients promptly blamed the comets for any and all disasters which happened at the time the "heavenly strangers" were visible.

The growing list of mine accidents

is appalling: something must be blamed and it is likely the mine owners will be glad to blame the comets for the tragedies which have occurred with such frequency of late.

Beginning with the Cherry Hill mine disaster of November last, the news records show a list whose aggregate loss of life will reach a thousand.

The accidents have all been due to explosions, the cause of the explosions varying in each instance.

Summed up, criminal carelessness on the part of the mine-workers, culpable negligence on the part of the owners to apply the needed machinery for keeping the mines free from gas accumulations seem to be equally responsible for the great loss of life which has been recorded almost weekly since November last. Why the labor unions have ignored the possibilities of agitating for better protection for mine-workers is a question the leaders will have to answer.

A MARRIED man, Dr. Cowles, pursues an innocent and lovely girl with his attentions, with no other conceivable motive than to make her his victim. He steals and keeps her photograph: he calls her up, on the telephone, and begs for an assignation, offering flowers and candy. She appeals to her fiance for protection. Instead of going after Dr. Cowles with a shotgun, the young fiance, Dr. Robnett, threatens him, over the telephone, with a thrashing. The unspeakable Cowles snorts defiance—always over the telephone.

AN ASTONISHING WIFE, A BASE HUSBAND—AND SENATOR LODGE.

Afterwards the infamous Cowles has the effrontery to appear at a navy ball, (Boston, Massachusetts, mind you!) where the young lady in the case is a guest. This being *too much*, Dr. Robnett and his friend, Lieutenant Auld, insult the brazen Cowles, and Auld strikes him. Cowles is made to retire.

But the strangest part of the story remains to be told. The wife of Cowles (and she is not accused of being a lunatic—not publicly, at least,) is not satisfied to have the ugly incidents hushed up. The astonishing woman, (whose husband had in his soul lusted after another woman and, so grossly wronged his wife,) vehemently took his part, and rushed down to Washington, all by herself, *to have an investigation!* She was acquainted with the whole shameful story, but not shocked by it. She sought out the scholarly Senator Lodge, (after Secretary Meyer had declined to take the matter up,) and Senator Lodge sided with *her!* He exerted his "pull", and Meyer wilted. A court-martial was ordered—for what purpose?

To punish the married man who was in lustful pursuit of a fatherless girl?

No. The court-martial was ordered for the purpose of *punishing the gallant young officer who gave the insolent and infamous Dr. Cowles a small dose of the physic he deserved.*

This amazing Court-Martial had the effrontery to *sentence* Aulds and Robnett to deprivation of five numbers each in rank! These sentences have been commuted by the Secretary of the Navy, but the fact that they were imposed at all fills one with disgust at the sloppy, snobbish naval coterie.

THE "GREAT BLACK PLAGUE"

By FRANK L. ESKRIDGE, M.D.

IN an article entitled "The South's Fight for Race Purity", the space-writer, aflame for sensation, again assaults the South in the following language in *Pearson's* for February:

"Stalking through the Southland, hand in hand with the negro and the mulatto, is the 'Great Black Plague.' Ten times as contagious as leprosy and more productive of morbidity and death, eventually, than tuberculosis, it works in secret because of the shame which overwhelms its victims, and it is today seriously imperiling the very existence of the Anglo-Saxon blood. The social body is being defiled, sapped and weakened, and a proud race is all too close to the verge of committing involuntary suicide. It is rendering sterile many of the fairest and noblest women in Dixie, and is either killing outright or making hopeless invalids of many more; it is destroying unborn babes by the thousand and is causing thousands more to come into the world degenerated physically and mentally.

Here is something new, but akin to the ignorant assumption that pellagra and hook-worm are diseases confined to and devastating the southern part of these United States. When a writer of facile pen, evidently a layman,—for even the despised freshy of a medical college would scarcely be guilty of such a crass jumble of misinformation,—fills up on ill-assorted data concerning human ills, his resulting conclusions indicate a copious consumption of mixed drinks. It is surprising that a standard magazine should be misled into its publication. Regrettable, too, for while to any informed physician and to the worldly-wise of the section villified it will pass as a flimsy effort to make a sensation, such an article has a harmful effect upon those of other sections, who naturally assume that those using scientific terms must be familiar with science.

This article is editorially introduced thus-wise: "The *DIRECT* effect of miscegenation on Southern white women is explained in the following story. * * * A little while ago the New York Evening Sun editorially ascribed to one phase of miscegenation one-third the number of blind children—plain speech is necessary. He (a certain Doctor Morrow) referred to only one and a comparatively minor effect of miscegenation." (Is one-third of blindness considered a minor thing by the editor of Pearson's?) "To that hideous evil (miscegenation) can be attributed 65 per cent. of the surgical operations performed on Southern white women, and thousands of babies born physically and mentally degenerated. This letter from a famous government doctor shows that conditions require publicity":

"To the Editor, Pearson's Magazine.

"Dear Sir:—The person who tries to prevent rather than to cure disease makes himself unpopular and is criticized as an extremist and a theorist by many people.

"The person who discusses certain very delicate subjects is criticized by super-sensitive individuals whose horizon as respects modesty is so contracted as to make false modesty more important than human life.

"Personally I see no escape from an ultimate frank and open discussion of the subject which forms the basis of this article, and the sooner that discussion takes place the more suffering will be prevented and the more human lives will be saved.

Many persons, even in medical and scientific work, will probably condemn you, but their condemnation is, I believe, negligible when compared with the ultimate potential good to be accomplished. Charles Wardell Stiles."

Be it noted that Doctor Stiles' letter makes no mention of the Southern people at all. At this juncture we would inquire to what factor can be attributed 65 per cent. of the operations upon Northern women, of the thousands of their babies born physically and mentally degenerated? In the editor's introduction "the direct effect", whereas

the article of Woolley considers the indirect effect upon white womanhood.

The opening sentence alluding to direct result was either a blunder or else placed there deliberately to capture attention by a statement calculated to make the reader believe he would read of miscegenation between Southern white women and negro men. We hope Pearsons' editor merely failed to properly weigh his adjective.

A Pseudo-Scientific Rehash

In brief, the article is a pseudo-scientific discussion of two venereal diseases —syphilis and gonorrhea—but all the statistics as to the prevalence of these diseases are national and most of the physicians are Northern men or surgeons who, like Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, are in charge of hospitals which are cosmopolitan. Of the other cities quoted Washington, D. C., is distinctively an Eastern city; Baltimore, Md., is scarcely two hours' ride from there, and while in sentiment and tradition Baltimore is Southern, geographically it is less Southern than Washington, and but slightly more so than New York city.

Indeed, if the South has been careless in any one respect it has been in the garnering of statistics relative to birth, death and disease. The South as yet is mostly agricultural, with few large and no congested cities, and in these cities there are no great hospitals with carefully tabulated records. In consequence, to take records of Eastern and Northern hospitals to consider venereal disease in its national scope and then tack the responsibility for all of this upon one section, is the clearest injustice and effort to discredit the South in the eyes of those who take what they read more or less for granted.

The menace of venereal disease is of tremendous import, and the prevalence of these diseases among the negroes in the cities is undeniable, but no more so among the negroes than among the denizens of the under world generally. Physicians of experience with this class of practice will bear out this assertion. The report of the Immigration Bureau, as well as the knowledge of men internationally informed, proves that not only are the vilest diseases imported from Europe and Asia, but that European municipalities encourage the deportation of their diseased prostitutes.

Syphilis and gonorrhea are as old as vice itself, and no country outside of Arcadia, perhaps, is free from them. For Mr. Wooley's information, and considering that we of the South are virtually driven to the wall, we may advise him that gonorrhea prevails even among the lower animals, and always has.

Blue Blood and its Protection

We are glad that Mr. Wooley admits the Southern to be a proud people and to have the purest Anglo-Saxon blood extant, and we assure him that the South is in no danger of being overwhelmed by venereal diseases through miscegenation. In the North hundreds of white women are married to negro men, resulting in the contamination of Northern social purity to a mild extent at least. In the South this condition is prohibited by statute. The Criminal Code of Georgia, Vol. III, under the heading of illegal marriages, recites an act of the Legislature of 1865-66 as follows: "If any officer shall knowingly issue a marriage license to parties, either of whom is African descent and the other a white person, or if an officer, or minister of the gospel, shall marry such persons together, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." Similar legislation is in force in practically every slave-holding State in the South.

Since the war the South has managed to make fair headway in such affairs despite Northern agitation in favor of racial equality. Mr. Woolley, in his article, has displayed woeful

ignorance of the true conditions in this immediate section. Alone, unaided by any other section, the South has made ample provision for the protection of womanhood from the effects, direct or indirect, of miscegenation.

The Georgia Criminal Code, Vol. III, continues: "Any man and woman who shall live together in adultery or fornication, or of adultery and fornication, or who shall otherwise commit adultery or fornication, or adultery and fornication, shall be severally indicted, and shall be severally punished as for a misdemeanor." These two sections cover every phase of miscegenation in the fullest meaning of the term. The courts of the Empire State, and other Southern States as well, have held that it is libel or slander, as the case may be, to accuse a white man with having intercourse with a female of color, and by special statute, passed as far back as 1859—still in effect—"any charge or intimation against a white female of having intercourse with a person of color is slanderous", a stronger bond of legal color is added to the case.

Exactly, as it is absolutely contrary to the law of the State of Georgia and practically all the Southern States, as Mr. Woolley can determine by consulting the Criminal Codes of the various States, for any intermarriage between the races, therefore any sexual congress between a white person and person of color is a crime. So just what phase of reformation Mr. Woolley is striking at we are at a loss to understand.

The Northern profligate coming South is far more apt to visit the mahogany halls of New Orleans than any Southern white man is to do so. Gonorrhœa is not a matter of race or of miscegenation, but of plain prostitution and promiscuity. The remedy does not lie in the South, since the evil is not preponderant nor even equal in the South. It lies in strict regulation of prostitution and abolition of the white slave traffic, and the eternal hammering at a double standard of morals which is ruinous.

Where Doctors Disagree

The inconsistencies of the Woolley article are apparent upon the merest perusal. In one place he says:

"I was impressed by the fact that a mulatto physician of New Orleans, Dr. J .T. Newman, understood the situation better than most of the white physicians with whom I talked. Practically all of the latter were inclined to blame the negress, quadroon, octoroon, etc., of the public house for the deplorable existing conditions.

"'I differ with them," said Dr. Newman. "A great deal of my practice is among the women of the underworld, both white and colored, and I do not hesitate to say that it has been my experience that of the two the colored women are the least offenders. White women often mistake liberty for license, whereas the colored women are afraid to. The chief colored offenders are the housemaid, the nurse and the chambermaid, many of whom pose as God-fearing women, but whose morality is only a pretense.'"

What he means by "White women often mistake liberty for license, whereas the colored women are afraid to" only the Lord knows. While Woolley confesses that he was impressed with the fact that this mulatto understood the situation better than Doctors H. A. Kelly, P. A. Morrow, of New York; Robert N. Wilson, of Philadelphia; J. Tabor Johnson, of Washington, and other medical authorities, he genially continues: "Of course, Doctor Newman's words as to the difference in degree of crime and disease among blacks and whites of the under world should not be taken too seriously." Obviously, the opinions of the other doctors should not be accepted at all.

Indiana's Fine Example

In impressive sub-head it is stated that the South's need is a complete breaking up of the congress of white men with colored women. A complete reversal of the editorial statement noted above that the need seemed to be a breaking up of the congress be-

tween *white women* and *black men*. Mr. Woolley does not leave us without a remedy, however. With fine, statesman-like mind he proposes the Indiana marriage law as a solution for sporatic excesses of promiscuity in the South, where no law sanctions inter-marriage and where public sentiment is unalterably opposed to even promiscuity. This Indiana law is a warm article, providing that:

"Nor shall any license issue when either of the contracting parties is afflicted with a transmissible disease, or at the time of making application is under the influence of an intoxicating liquer or drug."

The answers have to be sworn to, and the clerk must satisfy himself that deception is not being practiced. As he could not satisfy himself without physical examination, unless the clerk were capable of making this and authorized to do so, it is hard to see how he would proceed to satisfy himself; nor why applicants should swear if their oaths are not final. If deceit or fraud of any kind be practiced the marriage is to become void. Furthermore:

"If persons resident of this State, with intent to evade the provisions, . . . go into another State and there have their marriage solemnized with the intention of afterward returning and residing in this State, such marriage shall be void."

Equipped with a bottle of Neisser's bacteria, divorce would be instantaneous and virtually without expense, one small vial sufficing to free the dissatisfied husband or wife, no matter how many matrimonial contracts might be made. It would last, with proper culture and care, almost a lifetime, and whether you are married or not would depend simply upon inoculation. This would hardly ever fail, and no one is ever immune. Cumbersome divorce laws and tedious legal proceedings are swept out of the way by one small germ, and a swipe of methylene blue would be the bar sinister of innumerable children.

How a sane magazine can indulge in such tommy-rot or approve so ridiculous a law as that of Indiana (a Northern State by the way) is beyond comprehension. Social purity and racial segregation are both conditions urgently necessary to bring about for the sake of unborn generations; prudery should not be allowed to halt a free discussion of vital subjects, but a semi-medical prurient's misrepresentation of conditions and the villification of one section of a country whose affliction is common to the world, constitutes a gross and South-hating libel that should be absolutely repudiated.

Myself

LEILA BOSWORTH WILSON

Atlas of my immortal soul am I; on mine
Own back the burden, Destiny, weighs heavily;
My hand doth grasp the torch Promethian lit
My foot must tread the life-path steadily.
Architect I of my own World-To-Be;
Or dim or glorious its light I make;
Great Arbiter of worlds, Thy creature I,
Branded with Thy great sign, RESPONSIBLE.

MY SON

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY

By CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN

Chapter I.

AM an old lady now—a grandmother. I have left a long road behind me, marked with many milestones, and there ony remain a few more steps before I must lie down to rest.

This morning, as I was looking over an old *escritoire* which had not been opened for years, I came across a manuscript-book, richly embossed; and, as the faded ribbon with which it was confined suddenly broke, there fluttered out a poem copied in a delicate Italian hand—a hand that I recognized with a thrill of pain which scarcely ever stirs this old heart now—these quiet days of waiting. On the margin of the scented paper was written faintly in pencil: "Guy Ravenel, July 16th, 1852." The words brought back strange memories; —a face brilliant with love and hope,—a brief summer of unclouded sunshine—and the fading of both in a single hour.

Eighteen years ago I sat here thus. It was a chilly evening in April, but we always had fires till late in the season; and now a cheering blaze threw its rich glow over the scene—crimson curtains and old pictures, and the tea-table with its appointments of damask and china and silver. I remember old Dinah said, as she placed a third cup in the tray:

"Seems like old times, Missis. If Miss Eleanor's only half as good as her mother, she'll be a great comfort to you, and company for Mas' Guy."

And I answered:

"Yes, Dinah, she will indeed."

For I had loved Eleanor's mother as my own sister in childhood, and afterwards our friendship was cemented by my marriage with her cousin. And now that I had invited the daughter of that dear old friend to spend the ensuing summer as a member of my household, I determined to transfer to the young girl all the affection lavished for long years upon Eleanor North, and which had not ceased even with death.

Dinah was still lingering about, brushing off invisible particles of dust from the mantel, and smoothing her white apron with complacent dignity, when Eleanor entered. She was a tall, fair-faced girl, with luxuriant blonde hair folded about her queenly head, luminous violet eyes and a neck of alabaster. I knew she was at least two or three and twenty, but she appeared scarcely eighteen, her complexion was so delicately tinted, and her full rosy lips had a very child's pout. Then there was a kind of deprecating, appealing look she had at times—glancing up into one's face beneath her long curling black lashes—which was peculiarly fascinating. My whole heart went out to the beautiful young creature as she stole in—gliding over the carpet with her noiseless step—and stood before the fireplace, looking around with an eager, childish interest. Her flowing black dress enhanced the grace of her slender figure, as did a narrow fluting of crepe around the infantile fairness of her face and throat.

"Do you think you can be happy here, Eleanor?" I asked.

She looked up with a smile which thrilled me with its beauty, as she replied:

"You *know* I will be happy, dear Aunty!"

"Yes, Missy," Dinah affirmed, smoothing her apron, and gazing delightedly

at our new guest—"You can't help from being happy here. It ain't so live as it was in old master's time, when there was a crowd of young folks always a-makin' merry, and laughin' and dancin'; but Mas' Guy's mighty good company when he once gets 'quainted, and Missis likes to see everybody 'joy themselves."

She curtised as she concluded this homily, first to me and then to Eleanor. A step in the hall arrested further loquacity, and the good old servant hurried out with a candle. We heard Guy throwing off his spurs, and a low laugh as Dinah observed anxiously that her young master was not "fixed up".

"Is *she* fixed up?" came in tones of subdued mirth through the half-opened door.

"Not partic'lar—but she's a beauty, Mas' Guy, and you ought to look your best. Here, wait till I bring a brush. My! how your hair is tossed up!"

"No—needn't mind, Mammer! I don't think she will criticise me very closely—" and in he walked.

Eleanor gave him her hand frankly as I presented my son. Guy himself was not nearly so self-possessed. His face flushed vividly, and he half stammered:

"I am glad to see you, Miss—"

"I hope you will not call me Miss," Eleanor said gravely; "if you do, I shall feel like a stranger."

I expected Guy to reply, but he seemed overpowered by emparrassment.

"Don't fear it will last, Eleanor," I laughed to cover the poor boy's confusion: "Guy is not accustomed to young ladies' society, but as soon as he becomes better acquainted, you will find him sociable enough. Come to supper, children."

They both appeared relieved, and Eleanor began to talk of her traveling adventures in a quiet sort of way that better became her years than her appearance. How often has this first evening returned to me, and I wonder so vainly why my eyes were blinded to the future. But God is just; we can not doubt—"whatever is, is best."

After Eleanor went up stairs that night, Guy threw off his reserve; and as the door closed upon our guest he stretched himself full length upon the rug, and thrust a sofa cushion under his head. I could not but smile at the lazy grace of my Samson—a proud smile at the faultless figure of six-feet-three lying supinely there, as the hero of Israel upon the embroidered skirts of Delilah, the enchantress. His broad chest heaved a great sigh of content.

"Now that we are alone, come and pet your son, mamma. Don't be ashamed of it any longer—the young lady is not here. Play with my hair; my head aches tonight," and he took my hand and laid it upon his forehead.

"You have been riding too hard, Guy. There was no necessity for it, was there?"

"No, mother, but there is so much excitement in a race."

"Foolish boy! I shall have to lock you up, and prohibit your going out altogether if this nonsense continues."

"Now, mamma, don't scold!"—as if I ever *did* scold him!—"It isn't often I allow my passions to overcome my principles, but Tom Horton wanted to test Kate's powers, and so I just put her through a few paces; that was all!"

He looked into my face, and I was vanquished. "He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow." I smoothed back the shining tendrils of golden-brown hair that rippled and waved around my fingers, clinging close like the loving heart of my boy to everything kind and tender; and there was a little silence.

"Mamma, I think your friend's daughter very beautiful."

"Who? Oh, you mean Eleanor.

Why don't you call her by name? She is distantly related to you."

"Is she? It doesn't come naturally, somehow. I would just as soon call the radiant evening star, 'Miss Venus.'"

"Nobody wants you to call her 'Miss'! It would wound her to have you address her as a stranger."

"Well, I will try to overcome it, this strange feeling which will not allow me to regard her as an ordinary mortal. I declare, mamma, she is too beautiful for this earth! I couldn't love or marry such a woman; she seems so far off—so unattainable."

"Don't talk about such nonsense! Loving and marrying! Why, boy, Eleanor North is at least twenty-two and you are only nineteen."

"She doesn't look so old. How long since her mother died?"

"Eight years or more; she is in mourning now for her uncle with whom she and her brother have lived ever since their orphanage. Little Paul is a cripple."

"Was her mother beautiful, too?"

"Yes, but she was much gayer than Eleanor—a wild, passionate, enthusiastic girl, a thorough Ravenel such as you are. Eleanor resembles her father's family, but she reminds me of her mother when she raises her brows and laughs; but you have never seen her laugh!"

Guy did not answer. He was lying with closed eyes perfectly still. I thought he was asleep, and sat quietly watching his fine profile as the firelight flickered over it. Presently the clock struck ten. Guy opened his eyes and jumped up.

"Good-night, mamma! What a thoughtless fellow your son is to keep you here petting him. He will never be a man, I'm afraid. Good-night!"

He threw his great, strong arms around me and kissed my faded cheek as fervently as a young lover the lips of his mistress, and went out. I heard him whistling as he crossed the yard going towards the stables to see after the welfare of Kate—his nightly duty. I think I can hear now that familiar step, and the sweet notes echoing upon the still night air—my boy whistling "Old Dog Tray".

Guy's reserve wore off in a day or two. He had lived entirely at home, only going off to college for a few months, and then coming back with a foolish story and a kiss to satisfy his credulous mother that he knew enough to get through the world. The neighborhood was not thickly settled, and he had never spoken to more than a half-dozen young ladies in his life; so it was not to be wondered at when the loveliness of Eleanor burst upon his half-awakened manhood like a revelation of new life, and that he should regard her for a time with something like reverence approaching awe. But this gradually wore off, and the first week of her visit was not fairly out before they began romping and teasing each other like two children.

Late one evening in May they returned from a ride, Guy having induced Eleanor to try the paces of his favorite Kate, and I stood on the piazza watching them dismount. The sun had gone down, but a glow lit up the scene like radiance reflected through the half-opened gates of heaven. Eleanor sat on her saddle with clasped hands, looking toward the West; her face shone with strange beauty beneath the long drooping plumes of her riding hat, and I thought God had never created a lovelier creature than this young girl. Guy stood by her side, with his arm thrown carelessly over the neck of her horse, looking not at the West, but at the face before him, gazing intently upon it as if his whole soul were concentrated in his eyes.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I heard her say under her breath.

"Beautiful!" he echoed, the very words breathing an intensity which

could not have applied to the fading hues of the sunset.

Eleanor must have felt it too, for she looked suddenly at him.

"Pshaw!" she cried laughingly, "compliments come awkwardly from you, Guy. I like very well to hear them from the curled and perfumed dandies of a ball-room, but don't poison Nature's pure air with such nonsense, please!"

She glanced at him from under her lashes with that appealing, childlike air which became her so well. No one could resist it; much less this boy so full of ardent feeling and chivalrous romance, for the first time in his life associated with a woman versed in all the wiles and coquetries of the world. Guy made some low reply at which she laughed outright; then placing both hands in his, she leaped lightly from the saddle and ran in, holding up her long habit. She was about to pass me when I spoke.

"Stop, dear! You have dropped your glove."

"Have I? Ah, Guy has picked it up! We have had such a delightful ride, aunty," and she stooped to kiss me.

I shall never forget Eleanor North's eyes as I saw them that moment. They were generally soft in expression and of a deep violet tinge; now they were almost black, the pupils widely distended and burning with a brilliant light which startled me. The usual faint tinge of color in her cheeks had deepened to a vivid crimson. All this I saw in a moment; the next she was gone. From that evening I lost faith in the child of my dead friend; I knew what was in her heart, and I trembled for my boy's happiness.

It was some days after that I found Guy lying on the sofa, reading a little volume of blue and gold. Eleanor was confined to her room with a headache, and though her absence was a relief to me, I could not fail to see what a blank it left in the life of my son. He was listless and almost irritable.

"Come here, mamma, and let me read you something. It is a beautiful description of the most beautiful being on earth. Listen!"

And as I took out my knitting and sat down on an ottoman at his side, he read to me Tennyson's "Margaret".

I listened calmly to the end—heard the rich, young voice chanting that rare poem as a Chaldean devotee a hymn of worship to the evening star—its cadences rising and falling in perfect music as his heart swelled with its burden of love and tenderness. Yes, I listened calmly to the end, and when he ceased I said not a word.

"Mother—mother!" he exclaimed, "isn't it exquisite? Yet even this can not do her justice—" He stopped as if at a loss for language.

"Guy," I said at length, "you were not so fond of poetry formerly. What change has come over you?"

A crimson tide rushed over his face, and he closed the book abruptly.

"I don't know—I suppose—Eleanor loves poetry. She reads it to me sometimes. Mother," he burst out passionately, "I'm a booby—a stupid, awkward, ignorant booby! Why didn't you force me to remain at college and learn something? Here I am almost twenty years of age, and can scarcely write my own name decently. I declare it's a burning shame!"

"My son," I answered calmly, "it was your own fault. Do not blame me."

"No—no! Forgive me, mamma, dear!" he cried. I didn't mean to blame you; I know it was my own fault—but oh, I feel so keenly my ignorance now—*now*," he added, his voice involuntarily softening, though his tone was bitter, "when I see a woman my superior!"

"It is not too late to remedy this, Guy. The new term begins at Old Forest in a few days; if you go and

apply yourself steadily, you can graduate with distinction. It is not as bad as you represent. Few young men have a better classical education. It is only polishing in belles-letters, and general knowledge you now require. Write and secure your place at once."

I was rising to move the writing-table to his side when he caught my hand.

"Mother, wait—I don't want to go to Old Forest."

"You are inconsistent, Guy. I understood you to say you wished to continue your education immediately."

"Yes—to continue it—but not immediately. I can enter for the Fall term."

"That will only be losing time. If you go at all, why not go at once?"

"There is no use to be in such a hurry," he said half peevishly; then as if ashamed of his tone, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, don't listen to such a foolish, wayward boy! Do as you will."

He buried his face in my dress and I sat down beside him, running my fingers through the bright curls, tangled with restless tossing to and fro.

"Guy," I said, "have you any reason for desiring to defer it? Answer me candidly, dear. I am your mother, you know, who shares every feeling of your heart. You are my own and only one. Hide nothing from me!"

"I *have* a reason, mamma; but you will think it foolish."

"Have I ever thought you foolish? Or have I ever disregarded your slightest wish, Guy?"

"No, never, mother. I don't want to go away while—while Eleanor is here."

"That is quite natural; she is a pleasant companion for you; but remember in the meantime, you are getting older, and losing your best days for study. Eleanor would advise you to go."

"Do you think so?" he asked eagerly. "If Eleanor says so, I will go."

"Have a stranger's words more influence than your mother's, Guy?" I could not resist it; the reproach would find vent.

"Not a stranger! I feel as if I had known Eleanor all my life. These few weeks seem concentrated years. I have lived only since I knew her. Mother," he went on, turning upon me his eyes, those proud, eagle eyes, now shining with a new light—"Mother, I love Eleanor!"

I could not speak. I gazed out of the window and folded my lips tightly. A shadow seemed to rest upon the brightness of that spring morning; the song of a mockingbird, singing on a lilac bush by the porch, was a wail of grief and woe.

"Don't look so, mother," Guy cried, "you will break my heart. I don't love you any the less because I love Eleanor. All the heart of my infancy and boyhood is yours still; it is only one which I have just found which clings to her. Look at me, mother; I am your Guy still!"

My boy put his arms around me and drew my old head down upon his heaving bosom.

"It is as I feared," I murmured; "you have found the blessing or the curse of life. God help and guide you!"

And so I gave up my son to a stranger.

Guy was very quiet that evening. When Eleanor came down looking so pale and pure in her robe of black gauze, I felt as if I wanted to take her in my arms and bless her—Guy's chosen! I sat quietly in my chair while they played a game of chess; and when my boy's eyes followed the waxen fingers, contrasting so beautifully with the crimson ivory pieces, my heart told me how he longed to clasp them in his own. And Eleanor would look up into his face with an expression that seemed to say: "I love and obey you, Guy; I love and obey you!"

Then I cast aside the unworthy thought that had so often come into

my mind. I could not believe that a woman, even though she were hardened and tainted by the world, could heartlessly encourage such a love as Guy's to crush it in the end. She might have been a coquette once. I could not doubt the glow of gratified vanity which brightened her eyes and flushed her cheeks that evening in May; but now, surely *now*, she loved him truly. And I forgot the inequality in their ages—the uncongeniality of their tastes and dispositions; all these things disappeared in that one ruling idea—they loved each other!

Time passed, and the long summer days came on. No further allusion was made to Old Forest; Guy seemed to have forgotten his sudden burst of ambition, or if it remained, was only evinced by an impatient manner at times, and an eager devouring of romance and poetry, which had never before attracted him. I saw it all; but though it pained me deeply, I could not reprove my boy. I knew he was ruining his pure, earnest mind by wasting feeling upon the creations of a false and vitiated imagination. I saw him pouring over the poems of Lord Byron with an expression of such concentrated and intense passion that I shuddered with vague dread. But what could *I* do? His mother was no longer the ruling spirit of his life; the star of his destiny had risen above the horizon.

I said Guy read much, but it was only when Eleanor was confined to her room by headache, which appeared to trouble her frequently, or went off to take her daily siesta after dinner, that he buried himself in some volume, and scarcely spoke again till a soft footfall was heard descending the stairs about sunset, and Eleanor would enter in her evening toilet, looking like a pure white lily. When the days grew warm she put aside her heavy mourning and wore nothing but white fresh lawns and delicate India muslins, and the daintiest fabrics, wonderfully fine. Then Guy would watch her glide down the wide hall, and presently the two would be talking and walking back and forth in the soft summer twilight, with the breath of roses and heliotrope intoxicating their young hearts.

I half suspected Eleanor's headaches were feigned, for, though exquisitely fair, she had not a tinge of pallor, nor that air of languor which usually marks one accustomed to attacks of this kind. On one occasion when I went up to carry her a cup of tea, believing she was not able to rise, I found her writing by the window, with no traces of suffering lingering about her smiling face.

"I feel so much better, aunty," she said in answer to my look of surprise, "that I could not resist the temptation of writing a few letters."

There was an envelope directed and lying on the table beside her; my eye took in the address involuntarily. A slight tinge of color rose to her cheek as I did so.

"Excuse me, my dear! I really didn't mean to be so impolite."

"Oh, I don't mind it at all," she replied, "it is only to my cousin Frank."

But I went down with an unsatisfied feeling. I could not forgive myself for having been so thoughtless, and alluded to it again in the evening.

"Please don't speak of it, aunty!" Eleanor cried. "I would just as soon you had read the entire letter. Frank and I have been brought up as brother and sister, and if I had cared for your seeing it, I should not have left the envelope lying so conspicuously in view."

She gave Guy the letter to post with a perfectly unconscious air, and did not even notice the slight frown which contracted his brow as he looked at the superscription.

"Who is Frank Hastings?" he asked abruptly.

Eleanor lifted her eyes quietly from

her netting and answered: "My cousin, I might say my brother."

"Oh!"

There was a relieved tone in the ejaculation which struck Eleanor as it did me.

"Did you think he was—," she stopped almost confused.

Guy laughed, his old ringing musical laugh, and threw himself with lazy grace upon the sofa by Eleanor's side.

"Yes, I thought he *was*," he said in that familiar, provoking way I had seen him use so seldom these later days: "I really thought he was!"

Eleanor laughed too.

"You foolish boy! As if I could—," and then she stopped again. Perhaps the embarrassment was feigned.

I turned to walk out, and saw Guy lean over and kiss the little hand, fluttering in and out among the threads of blue and gold, as he murmured:—

"As if you *could*, sweet Eleanor!"

He seemed to grow taller and grander. There was a pride in his bearing; the splendid Antinous-like head, the flashing eye, the quivering, finely-cut nostril, the mouth and chin shaped like a woman's in its delicate curves—all were touched with new fire, undying, immortal. As he dismounted from his horse at the gate and walked up the garden path with his stately step, I heard Eleanor who was watching him from the window, murmur to herself: "My king!" Long years after I heard that same voice, broken by tears, chant a lyric bearing a similar burden of love and pride, as she folded a tiny white-robed Guy in her arms.

What all this tended to I could not tell. I did not even know if Guy had declared his love. Like one in a dream I was content for all things to go on as they had done, and dreaded a change: but it came at last.

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)

Betrothal

Stokely S. Fisher

I think she kissed me in return:
My lips touched hers, and they were cold;
But oh, I felt a radiance burn
With joy unearthly! That I hold,
Within my soul the secret fold,
Earnest of all for which I yearn.

Of love we never spoke; for Fate,
Oh, well we knew, our tryst had set
Beyond the Mystery. While I wait,
In some strange way, as when eyes met,
I feel she sends me tidings yet:
I know we kissed across Death's gate!

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

By ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

A New Amusement

THE modern woman makes no mistakes when it comes to choosing ways of amusing herself. For awhile the fashionable world was startling the rest of humanity with balls, parties and musicals of barbaric splendor and generosity.

People who had all they wanted to eat, more than they wanted to wear, and trinkets enough for all the kings of every African tribe, were called to eat other people's rare food and accept more trinkets as "favors" at dances and dinners.

When the fashionable woman suddenly sat up and thought: life was empty—she wanted an object to live for.

Dinners, dances and divorces palled on her and she demanded—votes. Realizing all at once the awful condition brought about by Man's inefficiency, Woman reasoned thusly: if a man is left in a house alone, he ceases to be a creature of rule and becomes a creature of habit. He associates with other men not of the elect, he smokes all over the house and confusion generally reigns.

With this as a working basis, some of the very wealthy women began looking into municipal matters.

Figuratively, man had been smoking all over the place; he had become identified with rules, manners, customs and the like which were branded by the woman as "unprincipled politics."

And straightway this woman adopted a new style of hair dressing, ordered some new frocks and decided to Do Things. At first the men were amused; then they began to be interested, but at no time have they become unduly alarmed.

It's as though the Brute Man said, "Well, if she won't be happy till she gets a vote, let her go ahead and try it for a while."

The result is, in the North, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, and a few more of their class, are taking themselves seriously and feeling that they have at last achieved their mission. With the theoretical knowledge which comes from book learning, these ladies have taken unto themselves the task of enlightening "poor, downtrodden Woman."

But, by a large majority, the downtrodden Woman isn't rising to the occasion so as you could notice it.

But the ladies are having a lot of excitement, plenty of chance to show the new frocks and the new style of hair-dressing, and the time of their lives in making speeches, just like the men.

As a nice ladylike way of rebuking the men for their mismanagement and their dishonest methods, the ladies may be doing a lot of good, but Man (the brute) hasn't shown any signs of abdicating his rights as appointee and holder of all the political jobs he has long regarded as his sacred trust.

Man—And His Clothes

Never again may woman proudly boast that Dress is her exclusive prerogative.

We say Dress, which means all manner of raiment.

The Worm (meaning man) has turned, and an exposition of men's clothes was held recently in Washington, D. C., under the auspices of an association of tailors.

"They say" it was gorgeous. There was as much discussion over the styles, cuts, combinations, buttons and braids of a waistcoat, as there ever was over the going-away gown of a bride.

The hang of a frock coat, the cut of

its skirt, were as momentous as ever a walking suit of a woman. And the dizzy combinations of trousers—no mere feminine mind could hope to cope with it.

And at last man has come to a realization of the fact that if he wants to keep up in the feminine procession, he will have to sit up and take note of the changes which may be rung on his erstwhile somber garments.

With the introduction of green hats, hosiery of the strike-you-blind variety, and ties to match, the masculine mind was prepared for the clothesfest which Washington witnessed, and the end is not yet.

Some Opera Bouffe Brides—And Their Troubles

Plan the lawyers never so wisely in preparing the nuptial settlements of some American heiresses, there will sometimes be a loophole through which millions will slip inadvertently.

If one has been to comic operas, one realizes the tremendous sums of money it must take to keep up the "soldiers, villagers, peasants," etc.

And, then, as most of the castles were built before the days of hygienic plumbing and sanitary sewerage, also as house-cleaning seems a thing the average castle-dweller knew nothing of, one can see where so many millions of American dollars go, when an American girl marries a title with more or less man attached.

Of course, if the girl is satisfied and father and mother approve (or pay), it isn't up to any one else to find fault. But imagine the feelings of one of the recent brides, who had been married with the aid of boy pages, triumphal arches, peasants throwing roses, guests in kilts, old retainers (doesn't that sound like a stage scene in comic opera?), when she came home to her castle the other day and found all the ancestral rugs, pictures and silver gone.

The Prince whom she had married must have miscalculated her fortune, or underestimated his debts, as the raid had been made by his creditors.

As the bride's mother has plenty of money, she will probably buy all the ancestral junk back, but this should be a hint to a Smart Aleck lawyer to draw up some sort of indemnifying bond to protect the next heiress who marries a title.

Man—And Some of His Ways

He is a very old man, and he blows frequently into the office of a newspaper whose policies he has sworn hundreds of times are the real and only. Lately he has wanted to discuss prohibition as an issue, and has been most generous with plans, ideas and lines for argument.

But, succumbing to the temptations of the flesh, he somehow came in contact with the deadly fluid which inebriates, and called on his newspaper friends while feeling oratorical from the results.

And he was for prohibition still. He spoke loud, long and wisely on the benefits mankind would receive when "the whole blamed country" went dry. Which is an excellent working model of the average attitude on this great question. People howl for prohibition —and lay in a private stock of wet goods.

Municipalities banish "beer, wine, malt and spirituous liquors"—and the express companies enlarge their quarters and petition the railroad companies for more cars.

States "go dry," but see to it that inter-state traffic with "wet" States still shall be maintained.

The blind tiger cleans out his stock, while the grand jury is in session.

The policeman is blind in one eye, while he watches his fat palm for the tip which will make him forget all he sees that is in violation of the prohibition law.

But the flesh is weak even when the spirit is strong to fight and the voice loud to proclaim—the needs of the other fellow.

The Way of a Woman

She was a woman, therefore not to be understood but she had a feeling that life was becoming less and less of interest.

She had a fur coat—so had other women.

She possessed glorious and many puffs, rats and other appendages for her head; so did other women.

Likewise her hats and the rest of her raiment were such as the Queen of Sheba might have envied, but she was not happy.

After much thought, she evolved a combination which was at least startling.

Though the month was cold and windy, though the trees were laden with icicles and the streets ran slush, the next day she sallied out, her face beaming with happiness.

On her head was a yellow straw hat of unmeasurable dimensions; around and about it were, clustered and singly, plumes and feathers of every length. A long fur coat completed her get-up. And the wind blew; each individual plume and feather reared up on end like "the quills of the fretted porcupine." But every man, woman and child who passed on their shivering way turned and gazed at the woman.

At last she was happy—no other woman had dared so wondrous a combination as a straw hat and a fur coat.

Being a woman, there was no reason in her method of "being different"—but, also, being a woman, she was happy.

As to Religious Enthusiasm

There's a wave of reform enthusiasm sweeping over the world which is enough to make all the Chinese idols shake on their ornate thrones.

From Maine to California and clear across, the man and woman with a mission seems headed for the other end of the earth to tell the heathen a lot he won't understand. It augurs well for this good old world that there are so many sacrificing souls willing to go out with a magnifying glass to look for their Duty, (when a lot of it is ready to hit them in the eyes every time they step out of doors), but there are some who fear for this over-enthusiasm.

It's very much like the two old sea captains who had long been rivals. Neither of them belonged to any church, but both attended a revival and both were "taken".

One of the old men got up and made this announcement:

"Brethren and sisters: for long years I've been a-sailing on a calm sea, not caring where I went and enjoying myself at every port. I was a sinner, but now I'm on the craft of Salvation and I'm a-steamin' for Glory at twenty knots an hour, an' I know I'm saved."

He sat down amid a fervent chorus of "amens" and "glory be".

His rival could stand it no longer and he rose: "Brothers and sisters," he began, "for more'n forty year I've ben a sinner on the Sea of Life, not keerin' where I went nor when I got back; but now I've jined the Lord's fleet, and I'm a skimmin' to Glory at the rate of forty knots a' hour, and I'll soon be in the Last Port, a saved sinner."

He was also enthusiastically welcomed as one of the redeemed.

As the church grew quiet a little old woman with a patient, drawn face arose, and she said: "Brother an' sister sinners all: for more years 'n I like to think about I b'en a pullin' to Glory, an' I'm most wore out. But ef some o' them that's goin' in sech a hurry don't watch out, they'll bust their bilers." And the stillness that followed was the sort you can feel.

So it would be well to think awhile before trying to do at such tremendous pressure, that which may be accomplished only by patient and persistent effort.

In ignoring the things we know of,

we are so apt to be rash in our estimate of power to tackle the things we know so little of.

Life is a beautiful thing, and there is so much to lighten and cheer if we only look for it. There are so many people worth cultivating, so many beautiful things to see and learn, and it is so easy to find what we seek.

The little old woman was right. In trying to outdo or overtake, some of us are quite apt to "bust the bilers" and accomplish nothing for ourselves nor any one else.

Ad Astra

By Charles W. Hubner

In every field of deed and thought
What wondrous works of man we see!
But there shall greater still be wrought,
When knowledge, truth and liberty,

From ancient ban and shackle free,
Their sunlit banners high unfurled,
'Gainst ignorance, cant and bigotry,
Shall lead the armies of the world.

The Press is freedom's battlefield,
On which Truth puts her foes to rout;
Books serve her well as sword and shield,
The nobler age to bring about.

Who fears a crowned or mitered Lie?
Who from dethroning it would shrink?
The myrmidons of Darkness fly,
From one brave soul that dares to think.

O man! speed on to higher spheres,
Spurn from thy path the thing that bars;
Thou heir of the eternal years,
Assert thy kinship with the stars.

A LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES

CRITICISM of conditions at long range may be justified by knowledge, but it is only fair to give "the other side" when testimony relative to the discussion comes from the scene under discussion. It is with this view that the following letter, from one who is able to fully appreciate the objects AIMED AT by some honest missionaries, is reproduced.

The letter is from one who has lived several years in the Philippine Islands.

THE JEFFERSONIANS.

DEAR BRO. WATSON:—While enclosing a renewal order, I feel impelled to add from this far-off corner of our good old world a word of greeting,—and, with your permission, a word of kindly criticism.

It may interest your readers in the homeland to know that while we are a long ways from home, we are not beyond the reach and influence of THE JEFFERSONIANS. I enclose an advertisement, clipped from a paper published some four hundred miles south of Manilla, from which you will see that WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN is one of the very few Magazines to reach this far-off colony of "exiles."

While I can not always see things just as you do, I must say that I find a great deal more to commend than to criticise in your articles, and, far above any personal opinions, in which we may or may not agree, I assure you that I greatly respect your manifest devotion to the cause of all humanity,—especially the poor,—and I deeply reverence that honesty and persistent courage with which you have so long battled in this cause.

Though not a missionary, I feel a deep interest in missions, and I have read with more than ordinary interest your recent articles on this subject. While we do not stand on the same premises, yet I fail to read into your articles the same meaning that some of your critics seem to find in them. In fact, Brother Watson, I think your articles only prove you to be, after all, at heart, a true missionary yourself. Every man who loves and works for his fellow-man is in truth a missionary, and differs,—if he differs at all,—from other missionaries in matters of method, rather than in the essential missionary spirit. Whether your particular criticisms of mission methods are just or not, may be another matter, but I regret to see advocates of those methods meet your criticisms in any other than a true missionary spirit. Missionaries do not claim to be infallible. To show that you are not alone in presuming to criticise mission methods, let me quote from one of the greatest of our missionaries, Dr. A. H. Smith: "*There has been much in the method of its (Christianity's) propagation in China which is open to just criticism, and which at this crucial juncture (the Boxer period) ought to be fearlessly exposed, frankly admitted, and honestly abandoned, new and better methods replacing those which have proved faulty and unworthy.*" (See China in Convulsion, p. 737). Again, Dr. Smith says (p. 732), "*All mission methods should be re-examined, as ships are overhauled in dry-docks, but always with reference to a new and longer voyage than the last.*"

So, for myself, while not agreeing with the critics, I yet welcome any honest criticism, knowing that the more thorough the test, the more sure is the equipment for the longer voyage yet to be made.

I do not agree with you in all the inferences you draw from the facts you state, though it is not my purpose to dispute the facts. A missionary once stated that after years of service, he was ready to believe everything he ever heard about missionaries. He was reminded of the many ugly stories told by adventurers and mercenaries about his fellow-workers. "Yes," he said, "still, I have, myself, seen exemplified on the mission field much to justify the scoffer's most uncharitable charges. But," he added, "I have learned, also, to believe all the good things told about us, and the good so far outweighs the bad that I have more faith in foreign missions today than I've ever had before."

And so, I come, Brother Watson, not questioning the facts you state, and admitting the need of honest criticism; "nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee," and I must say, withal, that I have more faith in missionary effort than I've ever had before.

In the first place, I see we stand on somewhat different ground in regard to Bible teachings on missions. While in politics I might be called a "strict constructionist," yet the most rigid, strict constructionist must measure our Constitution, not by an absolutely literal interpretation, but by those living principles of government, of which the wording is but the shell. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." So I would say of the Master's words. We must interpret them in the light of the life He lived, rather than measure their meaning by what our feeble vision may see in their mere literal expression. I agree with you that when the Master spoke

He meant exactly what He said,—when He said "*preach*," He meant "*preach*,"—but preach what? He meant *preach the Gospel*, and the Gospel in its essential nature can not be *preached* in its completeness by literal words. The Gospel must be *lived*. It is as essentially impossible for the Gospel to express itself, and to adapt itself to the needs of poor humanity by barren words alone as it is for the sun to shine forth in light and yet withhold its life-giving warmth from a needy world. Heat must supplement light to make the world rejoice and blossom in the sunshine, and substance and action must supplement words in true preaching to give the Gospel its power to bless and save men.

If the expression, "*preaching the Gospel*," is limited in its application to bare word-of-mouth preaching, then what mere words, framed to fit human limitations, could contain in their barren literalness *all* the Gospel that the Master's life exemplified? Even His own words, taken in their literalness, may in our short vision seem to contradict themselves. Hence we need in our souls the light of His life to harmonize His words.

Endeavoring, then, to read the Master's words in the light of His own life, we see the Master Himself, through these words, not only preaching by word of mouth, but also "going about doing good"—bringing the Kingdom of Heaven into the world by *deeds* of love and kindness,—by feeding the hungry, healing the sick, raising the dead. Shall we, then, the recipients of His Gospel,—we, whom He has made the executors of His great commission, —so far as in us lies—do less? Shall we not *try* in all these things to follow Him? You say the great commission says "*preach*" and that we should not read a broader meaning into it. But, rather, should not the idea of "preaching the Gospel" mean to us today what it evidently meant to Jesus nineteen hundred years ago?—that is, not *only to speak* the truth, but also to "go about doing good,"—to alleviate suffering, whether mental anguish or physical pain? True, we have not that fullness of power that Jesus had to feed the hungry or to heal the sick, nevertheless each of us, in his own God-appointed way does possess a certain power to comfort,—to help—to heal. When Jesus, upon leaving the world, gave into our hands the great commission, He also gave with it the power of its execution. The fact that this power is limited to our narrow spheres does not relieve us of the obligation. I once heard our own lamented Bishop Galoway beautifully express this thought when he said that "Jesus Himself, today, has no feet on earth to run errands of mercy except your feet and my feet; He has no hands on earth to do deeds of love and kindness except your hands and mine."

And so I believe in "*preaching*" the Gospel today as Jesus did 1900 years ago, with feet and hands, with bread and fishes,—just as much as by word of mouth. We can not work miracles, but we can give of such as we possess, and right here your "*commissary*" might prove a practical innovation,—(though I must confess it would really be an innovation, for I've never seen on any mission field anything that could really be called a "commissary," except in case of famine or dire emergency.) It is true, also, that we can not raise the dead, but we can frequently relieve the sufferer, and just here your medical missionary and his "*dispensary*" have proved themselves to be a God-send to thousands of God's needy children. Medical science is itself a miracle of Christian civilization. Is it wrong, then, to use this great miracle for the furtherance of the Gospel just because it is not the same *method* of healing that Jesus and His disciples used? If the *motive* be the same, then the act is equally divine, whether the hand stretched out to heal carries quinine or performs a miracle. Missionaries universally tell us that "*medicine*, as the handmaid of Christianity, has done more to abate prejudice against Christianity than any other single cause." Do you think that Jesus would object to its use on the ground that it was not the same *means* that He and His disciples used to spread the Gospel and to heal the sick, nineteen centuries ago? Surely His command to "go and preach" applies to us, as well as to the twelve apostles, but does He bind us to the same specific methods of preaching today that were employed by the primitive church? Rather let us use *every* means and method that nineteen centuries of Christian growth has added to our equipment, whether churches, schools, hospitals, medicine, printing presses or magic lanterns. I have seen all these and other devices used effectively,—and, I believe, with God's approval,—to further the Gospel. Man's methods may rightly change from age to age, but God's must remain the same. If the motive of the missionary is a motive of love,—which, after all, is the only test of the missionary spirit,—then his weak and inefficient methods will right themselves or give place to better ones.

The deplorable fact that we are doing so little for *home* missions in the face of so much poverty and suffering nearer home, should not retard our efforts to do yet more for those who are far away. It seems almost universally true that the man who gives most liberally to foreign missions is also the best friend of home missions, and a blow at one is a blow at the other. Anything that dampens the ardor of foreign missions can not fail to throw a chill over the mission spirit nearer home. But even if this were not true, would it be wise for us to wait until America had become an Uto-

pia—until so-called Christian nations had reached a state of millennial perfection,—before we extended a hand to help our more backward "heathen" brethren? We grow better ourselves by giving the best we have to others, and when Christendom,—imperfect as she is,—ceases to give her best to her heathen neighbors, she stints her own growth toward perfection.

Suppose we had no such thing in the world as foreign mission history; how dark would be even the history of Christendom! Suppose all foreign mission work could be made to cease today—would you have it so? Would not our world feel that its light had gone out?

I am sure you will admit that while your study of the subject has shown you some ugly mission facts, it has also shown you some mission facts of surpassing beauty. Moreover, I know that a man of your fairness of mind will not claim that he has yet seen *all* the facts that bear evidence on this great question of the use and abuse of missions; nor will you claim that statistics,—much as men habitually stake on them,—are very reliable as a criterion in getting at ultimate results. Take, for example, those principles of government for which you, yourself, have so long battled. Could any one say that Populism is a failure because statistics are against it?—because it cannot control Congress or elect a President? And yet our nation is permeated with Populism today as it never was before, even when statistics gave it nearly two million votes and a score of Congressmen. Neither Democrats nor Republicans dare go before the people today without catering to Populism, which, as a leaven, is gradually leavening the whole political lump, though statistics may not show it. So it is with missions; statistics may tell some surface facts, but they no more reveal the inner force and power of the system than the ripples on the ocean reveal the mighty currents of the deep.

The question of Missions is so broad, so complex, so deep,—so different on the field from our home-born conception of it,—and, withal, its vital powers and its results so hidden like the leaven in the lump, that it is impossible, even on the field, to form a reliable estimate of any one particular phase of the work, much less of missions as a whole.

Nevertheless, results that justify the cost are not always invisible, and they frequently come to the surface in ways most unexpected, even by the missionary himself. I remember the surprise with which a missionary once received a request from an army officer to accompany him on an expedition among a lot of half-savage natives. The officer himself was an open scoffer at religion, but being sent to enforce law among these people, he realized that there were just two ways of doing it. One was to shoot the natives down, and the other was to gain their confidence through the only white man they would trust;—and this man was the missionary. He came with his plea for peace, and as a result, peace prevails among these people till this day. The soldiers have long since been withdrawn, but the little bamboo chapel still stands and wields a far greater influence for peace and progress than a regiment of soldiers could ever do.

Incidents of this kind are out of the missionary's beaten path, still I might tell a score of stories, equally foreign to his routine work, to show the many-sided fields of usefulness into which the missionary is frequently and unexpectedly called. I knew of a lady missionary dying in the heart of China. She had hardly been aware that her presence caused more than passing notice save among the members of her little flock. Yet, when she died, the prominent "*unbelieving*" citizens of the town begged of her husband the poor privilege of erecting the monument above her grave to express their reverence for the holy life she had lived among them. And throughout China, and throughout almost the entire missionary world, today, this same spirit of silent reverence for the holy Christian life is supplanting that old spirit of suspicious intolerance that has led to persecution in the past. So Christianity is not without its witnesses in foreign fields even though statistics are so impotent to show results. Should some great calamity befall Christianity today, such as to cause Christian Peters to deny, and Christian Thomases to doubt their Lord, yet would some heathen Nicodemas, or some pagan Joseph of Arimathaea rise to meet the crisis.

In results outside the domain of statistics, the missionary should be accredited with a large share of the world's social and political progress, usually accredited to political forces. We hear much today about the "Awakening of China". And China is awakening, to the alarm of some zealous powers and to the wonder of all. Of course there is a complexity of forces behind this remarkable movement, but unquestionably, when traced to its deepest sources, an analysis of its "Sociological chemistry" reveals the long-hidden leaven of missionary effort as the new life that is causing China to rise, Lazarus like, from her long sleep, and, wherein the light of a brighter day the truth is better seen, Christian effort and not political maneuvering will be given credit for this great miracle.

In recent years Japan has rightly earned the much coveted, and not always creditable title of "World power",—a political achievement, on its face, yet Japanese statesmen tell us that Japan owes her new life and power to the influence of Christianity and to her reaching out after Christian ideals. While Japan may not yet be called a Christian nation, she can no

longer be called pagan, and this same nation that less than half a century ago, by imperial edict, butchered "Christians and other heretics", today sends out Christian chaplains and Salvation Army workers with her Army and Navy on equal footing with Buddhist and Shinto priests. Though Japan is not Christian yet Christianity is permeating Japan. Please pardon the digression, but did you think ten years ago that a Republican President would ever indorse an Income Tax? In Japan, even Buddhist scholars are continually being charged with teaching Christianity, just as in the United States, Republican and Democratic orators are charged with stealing Populist platforms. Several of the leading political papers of Japan are edited by Christians. A number of her leading soldiers and statesmen have embraced Christianity. In a speech before a body of students, Baron Kinchi, Minister of Education, advises the study of the New Testament. A leading Japanese physician,—a life-long Buddhist—sends his daughter to Tokyo "that she might study in a Christian family and become a Christian". Another aged physician,—a Buddhist,—addressing a company of young men says: "I myself am too old to change, but *you* should improve every opportunity to study Christianity and to accept it; *for Japan must become a Christian land.*" A bank in Osaka advertises for six clerks, specifying that "*applicants must be Christians*". Twenty years ago the great Marquis Ito,—of whose tragic death the world has just heard,—scoffed at *all* religion as harmless superstition. In the later years he said to a student: "The only true civilization is that which rests on Christian principles. As Japan must gain her civilization on these principles, those young men who receive Christian education will be the main factors in the development of future Japan."

True, these incidents are but straws, yet they show the tendency of current thought in Japan; and in corroboration with greater clouds of witnesses they show that mission work has not only *not* been in vain in the past, but that a white harvest awaits the laborer, even now.

It is often charged,—and most happily, it is true,—that the missionary of today is not the martyr that his predecessor was. That "our soldiers' lot in the Philippines is frequently harder than the missionaries'," I can bear testimony with you. But why? Largely because the more difficult work of clearing the ground and planting the seed has already been accomplished by the pioneer—and perhaps the martyr,—leaving the lighter work of harvesting the white fields to the missionary of today. And where Carey, and Judson and Livingstone planted shall we not reap? Shall we let the fields lie waste where martyrs hoped and toiled and died? If there was ever a time when it could be said "the fields are white already to harvest" that time is now.

We must admit that much means, money and effort is wasted on the mission field; so must you admit that when the sower went forth to sow, *some* seed fell by the waysime, *some* in stony places, *some* among thorns;—*but some fell on good ground* and brought forth fruit that paid for all the cost. Brother Watson, the field is the world, and while we have wayside shallows and stony ground and thorns and blackbirds, in China and Japan and India,—and all over the world—*just like you have in Georgia*,—we also have *good* ground all over the world,—*just like you have in Georgia*,—that as sure as we plant and God waters will yield a harvest that justifies the cost.

READER.

Manilla, P. I.

Gethsemane

RALPH M. THOMSON

It's hard at times to persevere—
To walk aright and never fall,
For there are tempters everywhere,
And I'm but human after all;—

And yet I fear no siren's plea,
No gilded palace on the way,
While you are that Gethsemane,
Where lonely I may come to pray!

THE DARK CORNER

By ZACH McGHEE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—The Dark Corner is the story of the romance of James Thompson, usually known as "Jim", and beautiful Aileen Hall, both teachers in Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute. The story opens at the Thompson country home, when Jim is ten years old, and pretty little Amy Cannon, who has been living with Jim's family, is taken away by her father. He grieves for his little playmate, and always remembers her brown curly hair, big blue eyes and the scar on her forehead his mother said would never heal. Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President of the H. C. M. I., starts, prior to the opening of the school, on one of his frequent trips to the section of his country known as the Dark Corner. He spends the night at "Ole Man Bill Jordan's" and persuades the old man to send his grand-daughter Amanda to Hollisville Institute. When the news spreads that "Mandy" is going off to school, only one person in the community views the enterprise with downright displeasure. This is Tom Moore, a good-natured, red-headed youth about eighteen, who in his fancy has already settled "Mandy's" future. Nevertheless on the appointed day Mr. Jordan hitches up the old gray mule to the "waggin" and they are off to Hollisville, Amanda is welcomed by the teachers and soon falls into the routine of the school. At one of the oft-recurring entertainments at the H. C. M. I. Amanda is to recite a poem, dressed in the coarse clothes she wore on her arrival; then three weeks later she is to wear the school uniform and recite the same poem, to show the vast improvement she has made. Jim announces the numbers on the program, and looking at the timid, frightened girl, suddenly something comes to him—the faintest, dimmest light from the long-ago—a resemblance to the playmate of his childhood, Amy Cannon. Her big, appealing blue eyes, which always remind him strangely, too, of Aileen, seem to beg him to save her the humiliation they are about to heap upon her. He determines to do it, and sends her to her room to copy a program. As she passes out he remembers to look for the scar; he does not see it. This successful effort to thwart his purpose arouses the indignation of Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, and to punish Amanda and teach Professor Thompson who is running that school, he orders the girl to make one hundred copies of the program she had copied once for Jim. Aileen endeavors to interest Amanda in her personal appearance and offers to fix Amanda's hair more becomingly. Despite her attempts the mountain girl seems, to Aileen, to be more perversely awkward. One of the pupils tells him that Amanda had once lived at Wilson with a family named Thompson. Aileen resents Jim thanking her for her interest in Amanda, and Jim tries to tell Aileen of his love. Despite Aileen's efforts to put a refining touch to Amanda's speech and manners, the girl remains singularly awkward and insolent. Her new dress changes her appearance so that Jim readily identifies her as the Amy Cannon of his childhood, but Amanda's speech shatters the idol. The night of the Christmas entertainment draws near, which will mean the end of the first half of the school term. Jim does not intend to return to the H. C. M. I. and sends a note to Aileen, telling her of his love for her and asking she wear a rose over her heart if she looks kindly on him as a lover. He also asks her to wait so that he may escort her home after the entertainment. She wears the rose but in the center of her bosom and leaves the hall with two of the teachers before Jim can get to her. He follows, and reaches her at the gate of her home as she is about to enter—and the rose is pinned directly over her heart.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUCH a hustling, such a bustling, such a chattering and a merry laughing, such a kissing and a smacking—was never seen, I was about to say, but that is not true; it is seen every time a crowd of school girls take a train.

The students of the Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President, were going home for the Christmas holidays. Aileen was going to Glendale, and she was not going alone. The Vice-President and Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages and English Philology had resigned, and he, too, was going to Glendale. He wanted to consult with some lawyers there, friends of his father, he said, about the further prosecution of his law studies. The President of the H. C. M. I. had been delighted to reluctantly accept this resignation, and he was delighted still, for he knew nothing about the little occurrence of the night before while Old Simon was looking at the moon for symptoms of snow, and he was not at the train this morning to be reminded that Aileen's promise to him that she would avoid Mr. Thompson had expired.

Some half dozen girls had escorted Aileen to the train and were clinging affectionately to her; and Jim, watching her with the rest, was not alone in thinking her especially beautiful this morning; everybody thought so, and Jim's heart swelled with pride and a great inward joy. In spite of it all, though, it was with sadness that he was shaking the many tender and affectionate little hands held out to say goodbye to him.

"I'm goin' to ask my mama to let me stop school if you don't come back," said one little girl of ten, looking at him with a pair of bright black eyes up through a sweet face. Jim picked her up in his arms and kissed her. Then he turned and mischievously pinched under the ribs a twelve-year-old boy, who stood, with his hands in his pockets, turning his shoes outward till his ankles touched the ground, and grinning from ear to ear, his dirty face tilted up at an angle, as he observed, "Hmph! I done already quit."

When the train rolled up, Aileen began kissing the girls good-bye. Jim stood waiting at the car steps to help her in, watching her as if

he envied every kiss and every smile she gave the girls. Now he saw her hesitate and look nervously from side to side, changing color. The other girls were watching, and out of the corner of his eye he saw them exchange glances, as Aileen in a sudden tone of desperation, as if she had failed to find a way out of it, exclaimed "Good-bye, Amanda," and leaned over to kiss the girl from the Dark Corner.

Amanda stepped back, held out her hand and said indifferently, "Good-by, M'am"; then continued to stare blankly at the train and at the crowd of girls, as if nothing had happened at all. Nothing had happened so far as she was concerned. Nobody had kissed her since she came to Hollisville. She did not know that Miss Hall meant to do it then. But her eyes caught Jim's as his gase involuntarily slipped from Aileen. He smiled at her; and to him, somehow, the stare seemed a little softened, just a little less blank.

After those on the train had waved their handkerchiefs out of the windows till the crowd at the station was left out of sight, Jim and Aileen, two supremely happy beings, subsided into their seats.

"I can't understnd why that Cannon girl doesn't like me," said Aileen.

Jim calmly turned his searching eyes upon her, and reflected.

"Why do you love me, Little Girl?"

She looked up at him, perplexed, not by his words, but by the seriousness of his tone and manner.

"Because you love me," she replied.

"Well, don't you now understand?" he asked, looking at her wisely.

"You think you are a regular Socrates, don't you?"

She smiled, and Jim did have a notion that he was a sort of Socrates.

"But I do like Amanda"—she began again very seriously, but broke off, her conscience demanding a modification. "At least, she has no reason to think I do not like her."

She kept her eyes on Jim, expecting a reply. But he only looked steadily at the back of the seat in front.

"Has she any reason for thinking I do not like her?" she asked, a little dubiously now.

"Yes," answered Jim, quietly, still looking at the back of the seat.

Aileen colored and protested.

"I don't see why. I'm sure I've tried to be kind to her. In spite of the class of people she comes from, I have treated her just as I treat the other girls. But girls like that just don't seem to appreciate things. I suppose they do not feel, like girls of better birth. Now, you did not notice back there at the station, did you? she snubbed me. I meant to kiss her good-bye just as I did the other girls and she—"

Again his calm, searching eyes were upon her, and she broke off suddenly. There was tenderness in his look; there was love in it; but something else also. One might have taken it for amusement, or a feeling of triumph. She took it for reproach.

"Yes, I saw it," he said, bobbing his head knowingly at the sat in front. "Saw it all."

Her eyes fell away, and every sign of protest or defense left her.

"Well, I have tried my very best. I suppose I am prejudiced against that class of people. I don't know what else it can be. I know you think this is wicked in me; and it is wicked, but I just can't help it. It is born in me."

The tea-table was set at Mrs. Hall's when they reached there—with dainty little dishes on a dainty little table, in a dainty little dining-room. A soft pink light shone through a stained glass globe, which, enwreathed with holly and mistletoe and Christmas berries, hung just over the table. And Mrs. Hall was there—the stateliest, proudest old lady, with the sweetest face and the gentlest ways. She was dressed in black, with a gold cameo breast-pin at her graceful, though wrinkled neck, and the daintiest and most aristocratic little lace cap crowning her gray-tinted, devoted head. She had reared Aileen. No wonder Aileen was so lovely. But Jim envied Mrs. Hall, for she took the dearest, sweetest girl in all the world in her arms and held her tight, declaring repeatedly, each time with two kisses, that she was never going to let her leave her again. Then releasing Aileen, she turned and greeted Jim in her most gracious manner. She insisted, nay, she would take no refusal, he must stay to tea. How absurd to do anything else! And Jim himself, looking at the dear old lady and at the irresistibly lovely girl beside her, smiling and blushing and pleading with her eyes, thought to himself, "How absurd indeed!"

After tea, Aileen pointed out to him the portraits on the walls of the parlor, the hall, and the library. Old pieces of furniture, souvenirs of foreign travel, heirlooms, prized for the tales they told of triumphs in love and war and honorable associations—these she showed him with a pride which was simple, graceful, and natural. There was no need to boast; there it all was. She did not know exactly what blood relation she herself was to those whose portraits she pointed out. Her own birth and lineage were, in some quite natural way, bound up with the Halls. She knew Mrs. Hall was not her own mother, and that she had come into the family when she was a very small child, too young to remember the circumstances. She had been reared so much as Mrs. Hall's own daughter that she never at any time had reason to consider that there was any

difference. Of one thing she felt quite sure, and that to her mind was as sufficient as it was all-important: that she was as well born as anybody in the State.

Mrs. Hall gave a reception in honor of Aileen's coming home. It was not a "brilliant" reception, nor a "swell" one. It was not a "Social function." The society columns of the newspapers said merely that "Mrs. Hall entertained in honor of her daughter, Miss Aileen Hall, who is at home for the holidays." Mrs. Hall had asked the young woman reporter not to say even this. That class of people accustomed to appropriate to themselves the term "society people"—though they pronounce it "sasiety"—was not especially in evidence. None, however, were excluded because they belonged to this class. The guests were selected wholly without regard to whether they belonged to the fashionable set, to the "upper ten" or any other kind of ten. Mrs. Hall was one of those ladies of the best blood and breeding whose superiority consisted in her ability to discern real worth in people and in her courage to choose her friends and guests for what they were and not for what, on account of wealth, ancestry, or "social position," they were supposed to be and might have been. It was, therefore, not always "considered" any especial honor to be invited to Mrs. Hall's; she was not "exclusive" enough. Nevertheless those who were invited rarely excluded themselves, always delighting to go, because they knew they would find there a company of accomplished ladies and gentlemen and an atmosphere of intellectuality and culture to be found at few places in Glendale. Jim found himself in this delightful company, all the more delightful to him for the consciousness that, in spite of having lived from childhood in this attractive society, with numbers of prosperous and cultivated young men who admired her, Aileen had consented to leave all for him.

Nearly all of the next day the two young lovers spent together. In the morning they sat in the library reading from favorite books, that time they were not just looking into each other's eyes. She showed him her own books, which were all there in a red cherry bookcase, even from the linen picture primers of her nursery days. The books she read when she was a little girl were there and those of her later school days. Aileen played the piano and they sang together. In the afternoon, they went to the country club, where after Jim had taken a few lessons in the art and science of pretending to play golf, they had tea with some friends in the club-rooms. In the evening, they went to the theater.

Sunday morning they went to church, old Trinity Church, where Aileen had been going since she was a little child. It was a large church, of Gothic style, built in the form of a cross with many spires above, pointing the way to Heaven. And there were pointed arches within, that those who would enter the inner sanctuary of God must pass under the yoke. It was an old church; memories clustered about it; mouldering vines clung to it, and mouldering hearts from the the flow of years and tears. The sunlight was softened by the tall, richly tinted glass windows as if by God's own grace and mercy. All this, with the great swelling organ and a sweet-voiced chorus of boys and girls, and the rich, mellow, sonorous tones of the good rector as he read from that most beautiful book, the noblest, the sublimest expression of man's devotion to the Divine which the human brain has ever devised, the Book of Common Prayer, gave as near an impression of the very presence of God and His angels as one can have this side of the land of the Blessed.

In such surroundings Aileen had been brought up. Little she knew of any other, and her year and a half at Hollisville had been her only experience in living out of these, except during the earliest years of her childhood about which she remembered now only a few dim, shadowy pictures. She had been to the "Young Ladies Seminary" at Glendale, where she had received what answered for her college education. It was when Aileen told him of this that Jim learned for the first time what he had allowed to remain a mystery with him because of the possible indelicacy of asking about it. When Mr. Hall died, Aileen lacked two years of completing her course at the seminary. Mrs. Hall, being just then in need of the ready money with which to defray her expenses, applied for a loan to her husband's cousin, "Jeff" Tilson. She knew him but slightly, but since he was the only relative either of herself or of Mr. Hall who would likely have the money to spare, and since she knew she would be able to repay him from the proceeds of her plantation, she had no hesitancy in turning to him. Tilson said he did not have the money himself, else he would be too glad to lend it to her without interest; but in the great generosity of his heart he would get it from a friend, who, however, would want ten per cent. interest on it. Mrs. Hall knew nothing about interest, so it was agreed. Neither she nor Aileen ever knew the name of the "friend." When Aileen finished school she determined to repay this money herself. This was not necessary, Mrs. Hall assured her, as the proceeds from the plantation would be ample; but Aileen by this time had got the microbe of independence, and insisted on getting a position. Again not knowing where else to turn, she applied to Tilson, who had been showing her some cousinly attentions which warranted her asking for advice. In his usual spirit of benevolence he told her that, while he had no vacancy in the school which

she could fill, he was so desirous of assisting her that he would create a place for her. He did not tell her that the evening before receiving her letter he had induced Captain King, the chairman of the Board, to persuade him that they ought to have an Episcopalian in the school and that they ought to try to get Miss Hall to take the position; nor did she learn that after getting her letter he cut ten dollars a month off the salary he and Captain King had agreed upon.

She was nineteen then, an impressionable girl, inexperienced in what are usually termed the "ways of the world." Tilson's benevolence deserved gratitude and she gave it to him in fullest measure. But in addition to gratitude, she naturally felt a certain dependence in the nearest male relative of the family. And thus it was that, knowing nothing herself of schools outside of the city, when Tilson told her that the Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute was the greatest school that there was and the best, and intimated in sundry ways that the President of this institution was about the greatest teacher if not the greatest man that there was, she had nothing to do but to accept it; at least tentatively.

While this new revelation of Tilson's imposition made Jim indignant, he determined that, as it was now happily nearing an end, he would say nothing about it. "What's the use now?" he thought.

Jim did not leave on Monday morning, as he had intended. He stayed a day longer, and another. Mrs. Hall and all of Aileen's friends were charmed with him and he with them. But at length, concluding that he had about finished consulting his father's lawyer friends upon which mission he had come to Glendale, he felt that the time had come when he must go.

Chapter XVII.

Now if for one instant you suppose that Jim was supremely happy after this visit to Glendale, or anything else than supremely miserable, you have never had the quite common disease with which that young gentleman was afflicted. No matter that he had won Aileen, or that in a few weeks, a few months, or a few years, he was coming again to take her to be with him for always. Months, days, years, weeks—there was no distinction; all alike meant only separation, and separation was misery. But he braced himself up and determined to face the stern realities bravely.

It was a changed world which met him now. At last the prayers of his whole life had been answered, the Divine hand having directed him in the choice of a profession and in procuring a helpmeet, who, ever by his side, would sustain and inspire and bless him. He had received an offer to go into the office of an established lawyer at Wilson Court House, in which he could earn his support, and perhaps a little more, while prosecuting his studies in the law. After a brief vacation at home with his mother and sister he would go to the Court House and soon enter upon the career for which he was designed. Then he would take Aileen with him.

It was necessary to return to Hollisville to pack his clothes, books, and a few other effects. A number of boys and girls of the school greeted him as he got off the train. They had not gone home for the holidays, and had no better way of entertaining themselves than to come to see the train. As the crowd began to disperse, Jim saw Amanda Cannon and three other girls start off together. Two walked in front, leaving another girl and Amanda behind. After a few steps, he saw Amanda's companion join the two in front, and the three walk on with their arms around each other, leaving Aamnda to walk alone. He recalled the scene between Aileen and Amanda the last time he was at this station, and he watched Amanda walk slowly and sullenly on as if the slight put upon her by the girls had had no more effect than Aileen's hesitation about kissing her good bye. "And this is Amy," he thought sadly. "What impossible dreams I had of her!"

He started on towards the "Manse" himself, thinking of Aileen. But every time he would look ahead he would see the figure of Amanda in her Dark Corner dress of checked homespun, with her white stockings showing above the coarse shoes. Now and then she turned and he saw her blank face.

"She was not a stupid child when she was at our house," he thought. "Why is she now? Where has all her life gone?" He remembered how he and his classmates in college used to lie on the campus grass and discuss the effect upon character, of single impressions, and of general environment. "Ole Simon says it is in the blood. Perhaps he is more of a philosopher than any of us." He smiled as this came into his mind. "But Simon merely guesses, or takes the commonly accepted theory. Why not get some acts? What *possible* environment could have changed bright, vivacious little Amy into this dull and lifeless Amanda?

He hurried his steps till he overtook Amanda.

"Miss Amanda, when are you going home?"

"I dunno. I ben speckin' Gran'pa ter come fer me, but I don't reckin he knows whut day ter come."

"Didn't you write him?" he asked in surprise.

"He ain't got nobody now ter read the letter. The Perfesser wuz ter sen' him word to come fer me t'other day, but he ain't never come."

It was seven miles from where Mr. Jordan lived to the postoffice. Every day Amanda stayed at Hollisville meant more board she would pay.

"I'm afraid the message never got there," said Jim. "I think we had better make some other arrangements for you to get home."

Amanda said nothing. They walked on in silence. When they reached the front steps, he stopped and looked at her pensively for a moment. She stopped and stared.

"Get all your things ready, Amy," he said, "and we'll start early in the morning. I'm going to get a horse and buggy and take you home."

It was the first time he had called her "Amy," and his thoughts were of the long ago. She gave no expression of surprise or any kind of emotion. She did not understand, but she stared at him not differently from the way she did nearly every time she saw him. In a moment she left him, without a word, and went to her room.

Chapter XVIII.

A long drive through a dull country with a dull girl!—Talk about your acts of heroism! There is no danger in it of a quick death as there is in jumping into a whirlpool to rescue a drowning man, or sucking poison from a rattlesnake wound. It is just quiet suffering, slowly but painfully deadening the faculties.

The one redeeming feature was the weather. That was ideal, and the out-doors was inviting. It had rained heavily the night before, but now the sky was bright blue, and the air was still. It was a little cool when they first started, but Jim soon took off his overcoat and hung it on the back of the seat; and Amanda put her coarse shawl in the foot of the buggy. The road is the same we once travelled with far more distinguished company, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President. It is still sandy, lined with broad stretches of waste savannahs; here a cultivated field with a one or two room hut in the midst of it; there a black swamp or a sand hill covered with scrawny oaks.

Jim had not talked much with Amanda before. His life since she came had been such a tumultuous one, his inner life such a busy one. He had noticed her at times in school and at the dinner table; but for more reasons than one he had refrained from any attempt to draw her out on the subject of her personal life. Now he tried to talk with her, not as her teacher but as her friend; and his sympathetic nature, stimulated by his new experience of love, was especially warm and tender. It met with little response in Amanda, that he could discern, though her sensibilities, dull as they were, were not dead, and she could not but feel the influence of his vibrant heart. But she was not accustomed to read human love and sympathy in a voice. She was not schooled in the language of the silent look, the lifting of a brow, the curving of a lip, the opening and shutting of a hand. She understood only as one who, having a slight acquaintance with a foreign tongue, can grasp now and then the meaning of a phrase but can not speak in it. So she had a faint understanding of Jim's interest in her, but she had no way of touching her heart with his; and, knowing this, like the others who had been thrown with her at Hollisville, took her simple, unexpressed gratitude for indifference and sullenness. Yet he persisted, determined to draw her out if possible. He asked her many questions about herself, about her grandmother and grandfather, and her associates in the country. She spoke usually in monosyllables, seldom venturing anything in addition to the barest answer to the question asked. He tried to recall to her mind the old life at his mother's home. She remembered but very little, though she did remember Mrs. Thompson, who was so good to her all the time and who cried when she left. She remembered the big boy, Jim, too, who stayed close by her in all their games and who gave her some peaches and a rose when she left.

He did not recall to her how on that morning he crawled up into the covered wagon and kissed her on the scar the poker had made on her temple; nor had he any idea that that and the fight Jim had with Simon for calling her "Po' white trash" were the two incidents in her whole life there that she remembered most vividly. And when now she smiled—he knew not why—she was thinking of the kiss. But suddenly she frowned, very faintly, for she recalled the cause of that fight. She did not remember the time she got burnt with the poker, having wondered for many years the cause of the scar. She put her finger up to it as Jim told her of it, pushing back the brown hair.

Jim recalled dimly that he had heard his mother talking with Wash Cannon about another child whose name he did not remember. Once he had seen her either at his home or somewhere else. He could see her now somewhere back in the shadows. She had long curls of yellow hair and carried herself with her head so high that the other children said she was "stuck up." But he did not know who this was. Was it Amanda's sister? Yes, she had a sister, she said, but she was dead, she supposed. She did not remember anything about her. Her grandparents sometimes spoke of her, but they knew very little more than she did.

It was not long before this topic of conversation was exhausted and the rest of the way there was little to say. Now and then Jim would ask her about the country through which they were passing—the swamps, the lands, the people. She knew almost nothing about them.

He soon despaired of entertaining her; and

he found little entertainment in her, far less than in his own silent thoughts, though he thought about her—and one other girl. He could not help thinking how delightful such a drive as this would have been with that other girl for his companion. With such a bright and interesting companion as Aileen, even a long journey through a dull country could not be tedious. He wondered what Aileen would think of this trip of his out here with Amanda. She would be interested, he knew, and he anticipated his own pleasure in describing it to her in a letter he would write that night.

Noon came. They ate their lunch, stopped a little later at one of the huts they passed to give the horse feed and rest. Then they drove on. As the sun began to sink in the West and they did not come to anything Amanda seemed to know about, Jim began to get a little uneasy. He inquired of every one they passed concerning the road to Mr. Bill Jordan's. No one "ain't never heerd on 'im."

The weather very suddenly changed. The sky became cloudy and the atmosphere heavy. Jim pressed on his horse, but night, too, pressed on, and the threatening sky. Soon it was quite dark, and the rain had begun to fall. He put up the side curtains to the buggy and they drew up the oilcloth lap-curtain to their chins. It was not long before it was pouring in torrents, and the darkness was so dense they could not see even the horse in front of them.

There were no lights anywhere to be seen on the side of the road; they were not passing any houses, and the gloom thickened with every step of the fast trotting horse. Now they seemed to be going through a dense swamp. The horse slowed up of his own accord, and they could hear his feet splash in water. Now the road had become changed and they felt a jolting, and heard a rattling, under the tread of the horse and the roll of the wheels. Jim was frightened; they were on a bridge, and the water was up over the bridge. "Whoa!" he said to the horse, drawing in the reins.

"What shall we do, Miss Amanda? What are we coming to?"

"I dunno."

It was the same tone of unconcern with which she had answered nearly every question Jim had asked her.

"Les'n hit's a swamp," she added, after she had taken time to turn the matter over in her mind.

He was almost provoked with her now, and the gloom without penetrated into his inner self. Here he was in a dreadful plight, and a stupid girl with him apparently as well satisfied as with any conceivable situation.

"But, Miss Amanda, we can't cross a bridge like this which the water has risen over."

"'Tain't no bridge. Hit's jest planks put down in the road to keep the horse from miring up."

He was still uncertain, but this slightly reassured him, and after some effort he succeeded in reassuring the horse, which moved on with unsteady gait. But after they had gone a little piece further, there was a sudden splash. The buggy stopped with a jerk, and the lines were pulled out of Jim's hands. He grabbed the lines, again exclaiming to the horse, "Come up here! chi! chi!" The horse splashed again. Evidently something frightful had happened, and they were in great danger. Jim could not see and was at a complete loss to know what was the matter.

"Jes hol' on er minnit!" said Amanda.

The oilcloth curtain on her side came down, and in a moment Jim heard another splash. It was so dark he could not see Amanda as she got out.

"What are you doing?" he called in great astonishment, starting to jump out himself.

"You jest set still," said Amanda, "and hol' then lines. I'll lead 'im out . He's got his foot thoo a hole between the planks."

"Get back in, Miss Amanda. You ought to let me do——"

"Jes wait now! Come up, boy! Whoa, fellow! Loosen the lines, Perfesser Thompson."

There was no time to protest; Jim did as he was told, but in a moment there was another splash, and the buggy was given a jerk which threw him against the dashboard.

"Whoa, sah! whoa, sah!" called Amanda. "O—oho—ouch!"

Jim, recovering himself, jumped into the water, landing, fortunately, on the plank road, where the water was not more than ankle deep. He could not see Amanda, though she was scarcely three feet away, but he heard her struggling in the water.

"Here I is!"

Splash!

"But what d'you git out here fer?"

Splash!

"O-oh! ouch! One's enough ter git wet!"

Splash!

"Ouch!"

Jim stooped down, and putting his hands out, touched her shoulder. She was struggling in water above her waist trying to extricate her skirt from a huge, rough piece of plank. In lifting away the plank so the horse could get his foot out, she had fallen into the deepest part of the water. Jim lifted her bodily out, and set her down on the firm roadbed.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"Naws'r, I ain't hurt. My dress jes caught under that air plank."

She had released the horse's foot from between two planks where it had caught, and led him over the rough place. She had been thoroughly soused in the water, in danger of being

drowned, and was considerably bruised and scratched; but she insisted "That ain't nothin'. I knowed whut wuz the matter with the hoss; so I jes got out and loosened the plank. Hit's all right now. We kin git back in. We'll come to somebody's house terrectly."

They got back into the buggy. Jim, against Amanda's protest, put his overcoat around her. Then he drove on as fast as he could make the horse go.

The poets have often portrayed the feelings in the heart of a wayworn traveller lost in the dark and dismal night when he first sees afar a gleam of light through the gloomy darkness. Such a gleam penetrates not only the drakness without, but the darkness within the soul. As these two travellers emerged from the swamp—they could tell it only by the ceasing of the rattling and the jolting upon the plank road—they saw this gleam of light; and all the joy that poets ever sung came into Jim's heart; if Amanda felt any especial concern at all, no one could have noticed it even had it been day.

A two-room dwelling was set back from the road, amidst a cluster of pine trees; and the light gleamed through a crack between the logs, from a blaze in a big fireplace; for there were no lamps in this dwelling, and no windows save those closed by crude board shutters.

Mr. Wister Harper lived there. "Wis" he was called by all the neighbors and by his sallow-faced, lean, and awkward but good-hearted wife. And there were five squalid, gawky beings, who called him "Paw."

Wis opened the door when he heard the "hello" from the road, and helloed back.

"Git out and come in."

Jim got out and went up to the door.

"They ain't no William Jordan on this here road, for it goes straight to Waxton, nine miles erway," said Wis, adding after a moment of staring, "Come ter think on it, I b'lieve he lives up in the Washmore Swamp settl*ement*."

"Yes," said Jim.

"Wal, that ar's 'bout twenty er twenty-five miles fum here."

Jim knew then he had missed his way. He was wet through and through, and chilled, and there was Amanda out there in a worse condition than he. The blaze on the hearth looked inviting, but there were already a man, his wife, and five children, ranging from two to sixteen years old, as the oldest girl seemed to be, and but two rooms to the house.

"Who air you got with you out thar, mister?" asked Wister.

"A young lady, Miss Cannon," said Jim.

"Wal, now, that'll never do," said Wister. "Is she wet like you?"

"Yes," said Jim.

"Wal, git her in here quick. We kin git her dry en warm anyhow. Hit's er pow'ful bad night to be out in."

In a short while, Jim and Amanda were sitting on coarse split-bottom chairs before a big blazing fire. The Harpers, one and all, got themselves busy to make their visitors comfortable; each one, it seemed, adding a stick or two of "light 'ood" to the fire.

"Amy!" Jim exclaimed, "why did you not tell me you were hurt?"

Her dress was besmeared with blood. A deep gash had been cut in her arm by the sharp edge of the plank in the swamp. It must have given her agonizing pain, for the wound was an ugly one and it had been bleeding so much that she was faint.

"I never seed how you could er done nothin'," she said, "en you wuz elready pestered enough without botherin' long er me."

The next morning the rain had ceased and the sky was clear. The sun rose bright over the pine trees and lit up the woods with its golden light. Tfie air was cool but still, and a perfect day was in prospect as the travellers took their leave. They had had a good night's rest, and a breakfast of corn bread, hominy, "fry," and coffee.

Jim offered to pay for the night's lodging. "All I charge you," said Wister Harper, "is to come ag'in," and then Mrs. Harper showed the only signs of mirth during the whole visit.

Not very far from their journey's end, they met a young man on the road driving an ox-cart. He wore a blue cotton shirt and a thick overcoat somewhat frazzled and faded, a wool hat, with the band long ago discarded, pulled down over his eyes, shocks of red hair sticking out from under the edges of the hat. He had a good-natured face and a manly carriage. It was Tom Moore hauling a load of lightwood from the woods. He drove out of the road so as to let the buggy pass, and stood beside his ox eyeing the rather unusual vehicle. It was an ordinary top buggy, but there were no ordinary top buggies in all that country around.

Tom did not recognize Amanda at first. She had on her blue uniform dress and a blue military cap with the gold letters H. C. M. I. on the visor. She recognized Tom when she first saw him afar down the road, but she made no sign by which Jim knew it. Tom stood staring, with a good-natured look on his face, till he did recognize Amanda just as the buggy was opposite him.

"Howdy, Tom," she said, with more animation than she had said anything else since the beginning of the journey.

"Good-afternoon, sir," said Jim gaily, smiling at the picturesque Tom.

Tom's face became suddenly stern and stony. He drew himself up to his full height and looked majestic—and ridiculous. He said never a word. When the buggy had passed him, he

suddenly took off his hat and bent himself double, making a bow, regular pump-handle bow, in mock obeisance. Jim laughed, and even Amanda smiled, though she did not understand the sarcastic nature of Tom's greeting. Neither did Jim, as for that matter. The ox alone heard the full expression of Tom's sentiments.

"Go long, you dad-busted fool.—I knowed it.—Now ain't that air a sight fer you, fer sho'? Gone up thar and, jis es I said, got a lot er dad-busted hifalutin notions in 'er head.—'Good-afternoon, sir!' Now ain't that the very durndest!—And them clothes!" He plodded on. "And that air fellow! Ever'thing's jis's I said, one er them dad-blasted town boys, with one er them clothes kittles on his head and them air yaller lookin' gloves.—En I'll bet he's got a ring on his finger.—But I'll git 'im. Durn 'im!"

Jim and Amanda drove on, all unconscious of the prophetic soul of Tom.

Mr. Jordan was sitting on the front steps smoking his pipe when the fine turnout from town drove up into the grove. He arose and strained his eyes to see who it could be. Jim stopped the buggy and got out, intending to help Amanda out after him; but, while he was getting out on one side, she crawled over the wheel on the other. Her grandfather did not know her until she went up to him.

"Whut, Mandy, gal!" he exclaimed. "I'm er liar ef'n I knowed you with them fine clothes on. The Ole Oman sholy will be sprized. En that air's one er the perfessers with you! Now ain't that 'mazin'? Mandy, gal, whut's the matter with your arm?"

"Ain't nothin' much," she replied. "Jes got it hurt a little last night, but hit'll be well in little er no time."

Jim explained their mishap of the night before, taking particular pains and particular delight to say that it was Amanda's bravery which had saved them from a worse trouble in the swamp.

"She were always a brave gal," said the old man.

Jim was received with the greatest cordiality by both Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, just as any other visitor would have been received. But when they found out that he was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who had been so kind to their daughter and to Mandy, her little child, they were overjoyed, though they were first thrown into consternation.

"I'm er liar," said the old man, flopping down on a stump in the yard, "ef'n that air ain't a 'mazin sarcumstance now." And Mrs. Jordan made some remark appropriate to the occasion.

But they were not content with mere words. An extra armful of "light 'ood" was put on the fire, more covering was put on the bed in the "settin' room," and Ole Man Bill Jordan announced that night that on the morrow they would kill hogs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mother's Eyes

By Wade Caldwell

The innocence of artless morn
And calm of eventide
Within the dear, the deep blue eyes,
Of mother did abide.
And warm and sweet as Eden's air,
And true as Noah's dove,
Were the measureless depths, the depths,
Of their beautiful love.

The love-fed fires within thy soul,
Did from those windows glow,
Soft as angels' breath, and bright
As light that angels know;
And gentle as the spirit's tread—
The spirit of dying day—
O'er lilied lake and scented field
On dusk of midmost May.

L'envoi.

I sleep but of thee to dream;
I wake but to think of thee;
For the light of thine eyes, my mother dear,
Was all of life to me.

WHY INTEREST IS TRIBUTE.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor *Jeffersonian Magazine.*

The December issue of your interesting Magazine contains an editorial in defense of the practice of paying interest for the use of money. As the Land Currency League, of the city of Denver (on whose behalf I write) has presented for the consideration of the recently appointed Monetary Commission a plan for improving our currency system based upon the proposition that the social custom you editorially sanction is pernicious and indefensible, our League would greatly appreciate the courtesy if you will publish and comment upon the following criticism of the editorial in question.

We hold that so long as social reformers fail to perceive the absurdity of the custom of paying interest for money *on secured loans*, escape from our economic ills is impossible.

Your argument in defense of this time-honored custom is based upon the proposition that paying interest for the use of money is a natural act; that it is as proper and justifiable to pay interest for the use of money as it is to compensate the owner for the use of property. By implication, you hold that there is no difference in principle between the act of compensating the individual for the use of property, and the act of compensating him for the use of the "legal-tender representative of property", called money.

This statement of your position is justified by the following extract from your argument. On page 919 you say:

> "America is chock full of rich men who were poor boys at the start, and who owe their rise in life to the fact that they got the use of the rich man's money. Could they have got it without Interest? Certainly not."

In these words you unquestionably voice the consensus of present opinion, to wit: that money is so valuable and useful an article that it is "arrant and utter nonsense" to claim that there is any way by which it can be obtained free from an interest charge.

Let us see if your *ipse dixit* will bear the test of analysis.

You are right of course in saying that a man who, by industry and economy, accumulates a sum of money has a perfect right to "use it for his pleasure and profit" as he sees fit. You are also right in your claim that if A has the use of B's money, there is no good reason why he should not pay B for its use. But here let me propound a question for your serious consideration:

Considering what money is—*why must A go to B in order to obtain it?*

Why are we tolerating and defending a fiscal system which forces A to hire money from B, on the latter's terms, *OR DO WITHOUT IT?*

Why are we perpetuating a money system which makes the citizen dependent upon the *INDIVIDUAL* for this indispensable tool of commerce?

Is it true, as you claim, that there is no way whereby this *artificial device* may be obtained, in exchange for security, free from an interest charge?

We think there is a way! And we have given the prescription to the National Monetary Commission.

The measure we suggest will not enable A to get B's money on the terms indicated—but it will enable him to obtain *bona fide* money—on pledge of security—should he need it—practically free.

Nor is the measure we propose a radical departure from present methods. In truth, all money provided by the State is supplied to the original recipients practically free.

Is not the right to obtain money without interest now enjoyed by certain of your neighbors?

Do not owners of Government bonds get legalized currency from the National Treasury, on pledge of security, at a fraction of one per cent. per annum, in the form of a tax?

If this is not "getting money without interest", to all intents and purposes, what is it?

Let us reason together, as you suggest—but along a new line of thought.

WE MUST GET OUT OF THE OLD RUT!

Can you subscribe to the following propositions?

1. The State has power to create money.
2. It exercises this power, but provides an insufficient supply.
3. No "interest" is paid for money by those who get it from the State.
4. It is issued gratis (or essentially so) to all who comply with legal regulations.
5. It is thus issued, on application, to owners of certain forms of wealth—such wealth as the *law* designates.
6. Only gold bullion and national bonds are monetized for currency purposes under the present law.
7. This policy results in a currency deficit which creates a demand for a credit substitute for cash at current interest rates.

8. The capitalist alone can supply this credit substitute—hence his power to exploit the producer, to whom legal money, or the credit substitute, is a necessity.

9. A scientific issue of legal money would render the credit substitute unnecessary, and enable society to avoid the exactions of the usurer.

10. Individual wealth is monetized by investing it—or a currency representative—with debt-paying power.

11. It may be monetized by the certificate process as well as by the coinage process.

12. Any kind of individual wealth may be monetized by the certificate process by amending the present law.

To realize these truths is to perceive that our economic ills are avoidable; and that want in the midst of abundance, the unjust division of wealth, and poverty among the industrious, are traceable to the fact:

That the gratuitous issue of legal money by the State does not equal our commercial requirements!

Very respectfully, JAMES D. HOLDEN,
1724 Welton St.

ANSWER.

Everybody who is acquainted with my record knows that I have always been opposed to the way our Government issues paper money through the national banks.

I quite agree that the volume of currency is not nearly sufficient. Mr. Holden appears to be uninformed concerning my past, and my writings on financial questions. T. E. W.

AS TO FIAT MONEY.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON:—Recently I had quite a prolonged argument on the financial question with a young man who is making the question a study; thus far he believes he sees some reason in or for the National Banking system. He has the national bankers' side of the argument; now he wants *your* side, and he thinks if you will answer these two questions he will be much enlightened. In his research on this question of finance, he finds the national bankers, (*through their system?*) claim *they saved the Government from bankruptcy* during, or at or near the closing of the late Civil War. He seems to have a dread of "fiat money" or money based entirely on the credit of the issuing Government—whilst he thinks this second question not altogether, or quite a fair one—he would like your answer to this, believing it will help him solve this "Fiat Money Question". The reason he has no faith in fiat or credit money is, that the bankers have cited him instances where governments have become bankrupt when the country was flooded with fiat money, and the latest of which was our own Government at or near the close of the Civil War.

Our student of finance (a young university man who has never as yet voted at any election) says: "When I get a vote I want to vote intelligently, hence my research along these lines, as I have discovered the financial question is the great problem before our people today"; hence the following:

(1) Under the circumstances how could a better financial policy have been adopted during the Civil War than the plan presented by the National Banking Syndicate for ("saving"?) the country from the disasters of an *OVER ISSUE* of fiat money in a crisis in the Government's credit?

(2) If the Government should adopt a purely fiat currency as a medium of exchange, based solely upon the credit of the Government, what would prevent a financial crash in a Government crisis like the one during the Revolutionary or Civil War?

Very truly yours, F. A. FOREMAN.
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania.

ANSWER.

All money is fiat money. There never was, and never can be any other sort, for the simple reason that money is not a product of Nature. In early times, gold and silver being scarce, and therefore termed precious, were used in commerce according to their weight and fineness: coinage came at a very much later date. Were it not for the law which is back of the stamp, the stamp on the gold or silver coin wouldn't make it money: it is *the law* which is back of the coin, and which says that the coin so stamped shall be *a legal payment for debt* that makes it money. Without that law, nobody would accept the gold and silver coin now commonly known as money. On the other hand, if the Government puts the same law back of the stamp which is printed on a small piece of linen, or leather, or paper, or aluminum, it would have precisely the same effect as such a law placed behind gold, silver, nickel and copper. Is there any reason under the sun why aluminum wouldn't make as good a circulating medium as the softer gold and the dirtier copper?

The highest courts of England and America have decided that one of the sovereign functions of government is the creation of money, and that the material from which money shall be created is optional with the Government. For further preachment on this subject, see the chapter of the Andrew Jackson serial contained in the last issue of this Magazine.

To say that our Government could not judiciously decide what quantity of paper money should be issued is to say that the nation is incapable of self-government. We leave it to the Government to decide when to send us to the battle-field and have us shot to pieces, or have us die in the pestilential camps: if, in the nature of things, we have to trust the Government with such a tremendous responsibility as this, why can't we trust it with the less momentous decision as to how much money shall be in circulation? From the necessities of the case, we allow the Government

to decide how many battle-ships we shall have; how many post-offices; how many custom-houses; how many soldiers; how many office-holders; if we can trust the Government with such matters as those, why shouldn't we trust it with the other governmental function of deciding on the volume of currency? Confederate money went up the spout because the government which issued it did. Revolutionary currency failed because it had no foundation under it. Paper currency never fails when it is legal tender, and the Government which issued it continues to endure. There is the familiar example of the Bank of Venice, whose circulating credits was at a premium over gold and silver, and which maintained itself century after century, through all the storms of the Middle Ages, until Napoleon Bonaparte at last crushed Venice and her famous bank. In my "Story of France" and "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte", considerable attention was given to this paper money question, and I called attention to the fact that *England and her allies whipped Napoleon with paper money*,—he refusing to issue any. This put him at an awful disadvantage, and gave to the allies unbounded resources, which wore out even the adamantine strength of the marvelous Corsican.

To my surprise, I recently discovered that Napoleon himself waked up (but too late) to that fact. There came from the press, last year, the most interesting "Recollections of a Long Life", by Lord Broughton, who is better known as Byron's great friend, Hobhouse. This gentleman was not only the loyal and devoted friend of the unhappy poet, but he was a hero-worshipper who paid unstinted admiration to Napoleon. In Lord Broughton's diary, under date of February 25, 1814, I find this entry: "Davies called. Dined with Lord Landsdowne. Present Mr. Fielding and his wife; Lady Landsdowne's sister, an old looking, pretty woman; Mr. Baring and his wife, Bora, or some such name, who lived in Paris on October 15th. He told me that the French . . . will certainly stand by Napoleon during the war" (Napoleon was then at Elba). "He says that he saw *a letter from the Emperor to Talleyrand proposing the issue of paper money, a means used when the French were successful during the Revolutionary War, and known by all the powers successful against them*, 'You have told me,' said he, in this letter, '*that my enemies must all be ruined by their paper money, yet I see them now in France. The English, Russians, Prussians, Austrians, all issuing paper money.*'"

After Napoleon had been whipped with paper money, as he himself reproachfully states to Talleyrand, England and the other countries contracted the currency, destroyed the paper money, demolished the bridge that had carried them over, and history states that the enormous losses and suffering of the English people who were thus being victimized by the banking clause exceeded all the horrors of the wars which had raged during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic eras.

SOME PERTINENT MONEY QUESTIONS.

(1) What is Political Economy?

(2) Does the Payne-Aldrich tariff law affect the prices of raw material? If not, what makes farm products sell for such high prices? During Cleveland's administration when low prices prevailed, "Overproduction" was the cry. Now that high prices prevail, some are saying it is Underproduction.

(3) The Constitution of Georgia declares that "the person having the majority of the *whole* number of votes shall be declared duly elected Governor of this State". Is not that undemocratic? Is it not wrong? Justify your answer.

(4) About how much interest per annum does the United States Government pay on her outstanding Bonds?

Respectfully, IRA V. MAXWELL.

White, Georgia.

ANSWER.

(1) Political economy relates to the production and distribution of wealth: the relation of capital to labor: of commerce to agriculture, and of manufactures to both. It embraces such vitally important matters as financial systems, expansion and contraction of the currency, rents, wages, profits, balance of trade between nations, etc. In other words, the study of political economy is the examination into the material interests of the individual in his relations to other individuals, and in the relation of the State to all of the inhabitants thereof.

(2) The Payne-Aldrich law not only affects prices, but, all other things being unchanged, dominates them. There having been no change in our financial system since last year, and none in any other direction, *the operation of the new tariff law is self-evidently the cause of the advance in prices.* The very goods—cottons, woolens, shoes, etc.—that had already been produced last year, and which were marked at a certain price for sale last year, *were at once marked up after the new tariff law went into operation.* What better proof could you want than the coincidence of the passage of the new law and the coming of the new prices? Throughout the United States, suits of clothes, bolts of cloth, shoes, ironware, etc., etc., immediately jumped to a new price. How could that be explained on any other hypothesis than that it was the result of the new law?

For instance, the New England cotton manufacturers were so alarmed at the prospect of

having the tariff on their goods reduced, that they sent a lobby to Washington to plead with the Aldrich Committee, of the Senate, and the Ways and Means Committee, of the House, *not to lower the existing tariff, but to let it stand as it was.* This was the full extent of their demand, voiced by the head of their lobby, Mr. Lippey. He returned to New England, and it was the general understanding that the two Committees were going to leave the rates unchanged; but when the New England Manufacturers' Association saw what the other trusts were getting, to-wit: an advance in rates, they immediately put their lobby into the field again, and *demanded an increase of the protective duties in their favor.* Their new demand was conceded. Tariff on cotton goods went up, *especially on the cheaper grades of clothing, hosiery, etc., which the common people buy.* Farm products generally are not high: grain shows a tendency to go down: the wheat-raisers, the growers of corn and oats in the West are not getting too much for their products. Of course, they come high in the South, because there are so many middle men, and such extortionate freight rates. The original price gets over-laid with several different profits before the corn or the flour reaches the ultimate consumer in the South. Cotton is none too high at fifteen cents, considering the shortage of the crop, and the prices which the farmer has to pay for what he buys. When he sells a bale of cotton weighing 500 pounds, and pockets $75, he feels good; but by the time he has supplied his household and his farm with the various necessaries which he must buy at these new prices, he realizes that he gets no more for his cotton now than he did when he sold it for a lower price, ten or fifteen years ago.

(3) You quote the Constitution of Georgia correctly, but you must remember that it is to be conclusively presumed that the framers of it had in mind the political distribution of power between the various cities and rural communities which they had already sketched out. It had been decided that the largest County, no matter how large, should not exercise more than three times the power of the smallest County, no matter how small. The statesmanly idea there was, to prevent the predominance of a few great cities, like Atlanta, Savannah, Macon and Augusta. The framers of the Constitution were practical politicians: they knew *that nominations invariably preceded elections by the people.* The clause to which you refer *was not intended to have any reference to the nomination,* but only to the ultimate election by the people, *after the nomination had been made.* To prove that this was the general understanding,—the very first nomination that was made after the new Constitution went into effect was patterned after the political division which the Constitution had made between the various counties. That is to say, the County in which the great city of Atlanta is situated was given only three times as much power *in the nomination,* as was given to the smallest country County in the State. That system went into effect by universal consent: it was practiced without a murmur for thirty-one years: then, without any explanation having been given to the people of what would be the effect of a change, the Hoke Smith Committee, behind closed doors, formulated those new rules which would have revolutionized our system and consolidated the power in the great cities. Such a change is most undesirable in a State which has so many large cities as Georgia can boast. It is better that the country voters be allowed to keep that share of influence which our forefathers contemplated when they made the Constitution of 1777.

(4) The statement of the public debt is as follows, round numbers: $700,000,000 at 2 per cent.; $78,000,000 at 3 per cent.; $118,000,000 at 4 per cent. This does not include the Panama bonds.

ANY AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN MAY HAVE THE EQUIVALENT OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION, IF HE WILL USE HIS SPARE MOMENTS READING GOOD BOOKS.

DEAR SIR:—I am a young man trying to get an education by working in the daytime and studying at night. Will you kindly assist me by giving me the following information through the Educational Department of your WATSON'S MAGAZINE?

(1) Name a good text-book on Political Economy. I want a book suitable to one who has never studied the subject.

Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations", John Stewart Mills' "Principles of Political Economy".

(2) Name a good text-book on Verse Composition. I want a book that will give me a thorough knowledge of the different kinds of verse, lines, stanzas, metres, feet, etc.

Lockhart is a standard grammarian. In his Rhetorics you will find a department devoted to verse composition. Or any other advanced text-book on grammar and composition would probably give you the information you desire.

Thanking you in advance for the above information, I am, Yours very respectfully,

"SELF TUTOR."

For price of book, please inquire of book-dealer.

SOME JUNIOR JEFFS

GEORGIA WATSON
(Grand-daughter of Thos. E. Watson)

LITTLE DAUGHTERS OF JIM HALL

GEORGIA WATSON LEE
(Grand-daughter of Thos. E. Watson)

Communications

BUT DON'T FORGET THAT STEPHENS USED THE WORD POLICY."

MY DEAR MR. WATSON:—The extract below is from page 17, weekly JEFFERSONIAN, January 6th, inst.:

"I have always contended that the States had the right to secede, because some of the parties to the compact had violated its terms; but *it was not good policy* for the South to withdraw from the Union, just because a sectional and minority President had been elected. The wiser course would have been that which was advised by Alexander H. Stephens, "*Wait until Lincoln violates the Constitution, before you secede!*" That was the counsel of the 'Sage of Liberty Hall,' and he was right.

"T. E. W."

This opinion of Mr. Stephens' can not, I think, be reconciled with his part in writing the Constitution of the Confederate States; nor with the voluminous, as well as luminous, writings which he published after the war, on the genesis of the Confederacy.

There was nothing premature or revolutionary in the genesis of the Confederacy. To substantiate this proposition of history, let us remember that the Federal Constitution of 1787 was revised by the representatives of the Southern people, Robert Barnwell Rhett, Robert Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens, and a few others, a committee of the Provisional Congress, in session at Montgomery, Ala., March, 1861.

That revision of the Federal Constitution established the repairs essential to the preservation of the original theory of American free government. Current events prove that allegation.

The needed repairs of the organic law could not be made without the reorganization of the Federal Union. In proof of the reasonableness of this view, is it not self-evident that the revolutionary tendencies of the government at Washington, which have been in steady progress, step by step, since the election of Mr. Lincoln, in 1860, were foreseen and forestalled by the Confederate Constitution? Cast your mind's eye over the existing practices of the present Federal Government, which you so eloquently denounce as jeopardizing the fundamental principles of American liberty, and then referring to the Constitution of the Confederate States, discern the palpable fact, that not one of those menacing practices, tariff, monopoly of predatory wealth, irresponsibility in government, or any other, could exist under the reformed Constitution set forth at Montgomery.

There the argument for the timely and mature birth of the Confederacy must end. Eight million white people, of eleven prosperous and free States, declared their desire to reform their federal relation. They were justified in their thorough competency; they were prepared in their phenomenal capacity for war. It seems plain, that if, as Mr. Stephens contended, the South should have waited to see if President Lincoln would dare to push the "higher law" doctrines, on which he was elected, to the bitter end, we should have waited until the President had so prepared the federal power that successful resistance on the part of the imperilled States must have been a physical impossibility.

How did the physical strength and intellectual character of the Confederate States at the birth of the nation, compare with the nations of the world? The answer is found in its Constitution, and in its prowess in war on land and sea.

Let us rectify the lines of Southern history. The Confederacy demonstrated the fallacy of Lord Macauley, who said that our federal Constitution was "all sail and no rudder." We corrected the errors of 1787. We established the firmest Republic the world ever saw. Did its fall do anything to strengthen the principles of free government? Would not its success have become a light on the tower to Europe, and to all mankind?

Now, it so happened that I had the honor of a private conversation with Mr. Stephens during the war. It occurred in General Toombs' parlor. Toombs and Linton Stephens were present. He declared, with most emphatic utterance, that incompetency in the government at Richmond was the stumbling block. With greatest eagerness he declared, "we might have had the best currency the world ever saw". Then he told how easy it had been to make such a currency. He said that General Joseph E. Johnston was the ablest of our Generals, but he was blackballed

at Richmond, when the country most needed him.

The Confederacy needed peace, and faithfully sought peace. When Mr. Lincoln arrived at Washington to take the oath of office, he found that George N. Saunders had been sent to Montgomery by Senator Stephen A. Douglas to negotiate for the admission of four upper Mississippi Valley States to the Confederacy. He found Mayor Wood, of New York, urging that city to secede, and join the Confederacy. He found conditions of revolution rife in the Northern States. He knew something must be done to divert the Northern remnant of Congress from politics.

Therefore, Mr. Lincoln ordered war as the dernier resort to save himself, and hold together the States that had elected him, under one government.

Slavery was, by imperative social and economic law, a self-extinguishing institution. No human device could have preserved it a hundred years longer, in the Confederacy.

Mr. Stephens said we would have won if McClellan had been defeated and routed at Richmond, in 1862. It was almost so. General Lee said we would have succeeded if Meade had been routed at Gettysburg, in 1863. It was almost so. The maturity of history will show, we would have carried our cause to success, in 1864, if President Davis had let General Johnston alone at Atlanta. It is nothing against Napoleon that he had a Grouchy. Mr. Davis was on the field of battle at Manassas in 1861. He could have marched Beauregard's army into Washington, without resistance, had he given the orders, and terminated the war. Stonewall Jackson, on that field, cried out to him: "Mr. President, they ran like sheep! Give me ten thousand men tomorrow morning, and I will take Washington".

The military practice of the government at Richmond stands without precedent in the annals of wars. Did Caesar scatter his army to conquer Gaul? Did not Hannibal hold his army together to invade Rome? Did Napoleon conquer Europe by a divided army? Mr. Lincoln's first step in his projected conquest of the Confederacy was to make McClellan commander of all his army; next, Halleck; next, Grant, but always one commander. Congress passed an act making General Lee the one commander, and this absolutely essential thing to military success President Davis vetoed. The history of the rise and fall of the Confederacy will be, when written, the noblest surprise in the arena of literature.

With great respect and best wishes,

JOHN WITHERSPOON DUBOSE.

Wetumpka, Ala., Jan., 1910.

FROM A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR MR. WATSON:—I visited the House of Representatives last week to see the menagerie, and if any one is real anxious to know the cause of the infamous laws that stand out on our statute books like leper spots and are daily becoming more oppressive and intolerable, just let him cast his eyes over the high-brows gracing, or, rather, disgracing, that august chamber. A jackass is known by the length of his ears, and the character of a large part of the servile hirelings in Congress is as equally discernible, Nature having stamped unmistakable meanness upon their venal countenances. Never did a cur dog grovel under the kick of a brutal master more abjectly than the machine tools under the crack of the party lash. Never have political corruptionists and the puppets of plundering corporations so completely dominated the legislative branch of our government and so shamelessly revealed how low politicians can be degraded beneath the standards of duty and morality.

The question under discussion was the appointment of a committee for the so-called *BALLINGER INVESTIGATION*. Now, Mr. Watson, there seems to be no limit to public gullibility, but I do not believe there is a sane man today who will doubt for one minute that the whitewash brush is going to be applied vigorously, and that the sanctimonious and public-spirited Secretary of the Interior will emerge from the probe wearing a glorious crown of martyrdom and self-righteous vindication.

The drivelling cant, which must have so often inspired your disgust when you ornamented that chamber, was the same old brand of moonshine handed out by a corrupt majority when it adds hypocrisy to infamy and seeks to bamboozle the public and canonize a recreant individual or organization. The administration trucklers laid great stress upon the necessity of investigating the *FORESTRY SERVICE*, and, incidentlly, the Land O_ice. It must have made the angels weep to watch those noisome Pharisees slur over the damnable charges against Ballinger, while forcibly emphasizing the gravity of a most rigid investigation into the Forestry Service. Representative Hitchcock, of Nebraska, expressed it aptly when he said Mr. Ballinger and his defenders were pursuing the methods of the cuttle fish, a molluscous animal which, when attacked, throws out a blackish fluid to conceal ittself. Of course, there are no charges preferred against the oForestry Service and, consequently, no need of investigating that branch of the government. But the country is standing up on its hind legs and stentoriously demanding an inquest into the unsavory

aspect of Ballinger and his alleged connivance with the Alaska land thieves.

Administrative thimble-riggers may beat the Devil around the brush and salve their consciences with the thought that they are responding satisfactorily to the public demands in this scandalous mess, but they may presume too much upon the patience of the people if they pursue to the end the ridiculous course followed thus far. A thorough, honest, unbiased investigation is imperative. An abortive, collusive, partisan whitewash will be dangerous. Sir John Falstaff has opened up the fireworks by applying his executive boot under the coat-tail of Gifford Pinchot.

The scenes are set, the press is playing the last strain of the orchestral prelude under the baton of Leader Taft, the smiling impressario, Mr. Wiekersham, the peanut boy, is unctuously dishing out his wares to the gallery, the crafty, old stage managers, Aldrich and Cannon, have their chorus boys lined up watching for the cue, the Seattle star is about to pace the stage in strident steps, and we may be certain, when the curtain descends upon the last act of this ouera bouffe, every plundering grafter throughout the land will lift up their Ebeneezers in joyous and unstinted praise.

In conclusion, Mr. Watson, the newspapers and Republican leaders are a unit in proclaiming the *INCREASED COST OF LIVING* an Eleusinian mystery, venturing at the same time to indict the retail dealer in general and the green grocer in particular. How long, O, Lord, how long! Surely, with the growing familiarity of the Food Trust, Clothing Trust, Shoe Trust, Money Trust, Railroad Trust and the innumerable other trusts spawned by the hideous Protective Tariff, surely, light is beginning to dawn upon the masses. The scales may not have dropped off the eyes of a few deluded yaps, but the indications are that there is a goodly bunch of one-horse Congressmen who will lose their political scalps next November. Alas, compared with some of the M. C.'s, Munchaussen has lived in vain, who, by the prophet's beard, have outlied the proverbial weather augur and plucked the inglorious laurels of Annanias himself.

January 11, 1909. M. L. B.

HOW A FAT MISSIONARY DISGUSTED THIS ONE.

"Personally, my jolt to Foreign Missions arrived thusly: I am an Episcopalian, and descended from a polyglot line of ancestry comprising Huguenots, Irish Orange-men, and the like, but always with the woman's longing for the religions, we are so thoroughly schooled in. Thirsting for experience, I attended a much-heralded meeting in a Methodist church, to hearken to a returned woman missionary talk of her work. She was a fat, comfortable-looking lady, and her tale of woe was, to me, interesting only because I couldn't understand why *she could keep so fat in the midst of all the hardships and perils she spoke of.* I didn't class her talk as cant until she folded her fat hands on her fat "buzzom" and said: *"The first thing I am going to do, when I get to Heaven, is to put my arms around Jesus' neck and tell Him how glad I am He sent me to China".* Then I went home and I began to think, and I wondered *how He could have sent her to China when the mountain children of Georgia were crying for food, clothes, books and learning.* After that, Foreign Missions didn't appeal to me any, and I was glad when I learned so widely quoted a man as yourself had come out fearlessly in speaking of domestic mission needs."

(The writer of the above, is the lady editor of one of the brightest newspapers that comes to my table. T. E. W.)

ELI WHITNEY—THE COTTON GIN AND SOME REMINISCENCES.

MR. THOMAS E. WATSON:—A short time ago I finished reading, with great interest, your Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson—a history of a great period and of a great man. Rather unexpectedly, while reading this book, I came upon an allusion to the cotton gin—to Eli Whitney and to my grandfather, Jesse Bull. Often during the days of my childhood and youth I heard the facts stated in regard to the original cotton gin. In those days quite a number of old people were living here who remembered all the circumstances of the case. My father, Orville Augustus Bull, was born in 1806—was the eldest son of Jesse Bull—and from him I learned that my grandfather had invented the cotton gin, and that it was in successful operation before Eli Whitney had ever thought on the subject at all. I also learned that my grandfather understood the value of his invention, and, to keep the knowledge of his machinery secret from probable copyists, he allowed no man to enter while the gin was in operation. But, unfortunately, he allowed women to go in and see the working of his new invention, and some one entered who understood and revealed the whole plan. My grandfather was always satisfied in his own mind that Eli Whitney himself went in and saw the modus operandi in the disguise of a woman. So thought many others—but it may have been possible that some intelligent woman, who saw and understood, may have unwittingly revealed the plan of the gin to Whitney—alert and ready to catch on to all information. Mr. James Amoss, an uncle of my father; Mr. B. B. Amoss, his cousin, and Mrs. Avarilla Pryor, a member of the same family, were all in full knowledge of these facts when they moved to Troup county—many years ago. My father died in 1868, and years after his death his

cousin, Mr. B. B. Amoss, at that time a very old man and a man not only of strict veracity, but of eminent piety, was spending a day in my mother's home. I felt impelled to ask him concerning the cotton gin. Why was it, I asked, that my grandfather did nothing in the matter when he saw that the credit of his invention was being fraudulently taken away from him? My cousin, Mr. Amoss, answered that my grandfather was then in failing health, suffering from the disease from which he afterwards died, and that he was unable to make the efforts necessary to establish his claim to be the inventor of the cotton gin. As a granddaughter of Jesse Bell, I feel great interest in this matter and am under many obligations to you for mentioning the facts of the case as you knew them, both in your history of Thomas Jefferson and in the beautiful little story of Southern life which you call Bethany. I am historian of the La Grange Chapter of the U. D. C., and several years ago I wrote a paper for our historical collections giving the true story of the cotton gin, in order to preserve the truths of history and to render a long-delayed and tardy justice to my grandfather, Jesse Bull, who was an honorable Southern gentleman, an original genius, and the true inventor of the cotton gin. Respectfully,

MRS. ADDIE BULL TOMLINSON,
Historian LaGrange Chapter, U. D. C.

If you desire to know something of the credibility of my father as a witness, write to Colonel Abbott, of Atlanta, who was admitted to the Bar while my father was presiding as judge of the superior court of Fulton county.

A REMINISCENCE OF REV. "LECK" STEED.

(DEAR TOM:—The enclosed bubbled up as an inspiration as I read your tribute to Professor Steed, a man all too little known and appreciated.

I often recall his remark concerning yourself when he spoke to me of a summer term school for you, then a Freshman or Sophomore at Mercer: *"There's something in the young man"*.

If you think it worth printing, let it appear. Your friend,

B. M. ZETTLER.)

DEAR FRIEND WATSON:—I have just read in WATSON'S MAGAZINE for February your beautiful tribute to your old teacher at Mercer University, Professor E. A. Steed, and I write to express my appreciation of it. I was present on the commencement occasion mentioned by you, and was one of the spell-bound listeners who "hung breathless on his every word". And I'm sure you interpreted correctly the faces of all who sat before him as he "soared and circled" above us: "who would have thought it was in him"? In chaste and classic periods he stirred our inmost soul; with genuine proverbs of practical wisdom he made us inwardly exclaim, "give me your hand, my brother"; with pathos, he touched the deep sources of feeling; with bubbling humor, he made us laugh through our tears. He was, as you declare, "a born orator".

On one occasion I was a visitor for a day at his happy home in the country, ten miles from Macon. Together we strolled in a grove of towering oaks and straight-bodied hickories. A remark on the relative value of the rich soil underfoot and the grateful shade of the magnificent trees about us, touched a chord of his being, and off he went in one of his matchless flights.

With admiration I listened until I could hold in no longer. I exclaimed, "Why, Professor, do you not fill a pulpit and give the world the benefit of your gifts"? His reply was characteristic: "It would be useless; the people would not do what I would urge".

Nor would they. Pardon me. Does not your own life, my dear friend, furnish illustrations of the truth of this? Have they not always been more ready to stone and crucify than to thank and reward those who essayed to tell them of their needs?

I agree with you: "He had it in him to be a great man, but he refused to strive for great things", because it seemed to him "not worth the trouble". And yet in his humble sphere as a teacher, who will say his work was not the best of which any man is capable. There were many, let us say, like yourself, "in whom he, the unambitious, kindled the spark of an ambition that will never die". After all, what is nobler than to project into future lives for good the best that we possess? Of him it may be truly said, "He exalted others; himself he cared not to exalt". I count it among the choicest blessings of my life that I had his friendship. Sincerely,

Kirkwood, Ga. B. M. ZETTLER.

(See "Pages from my Life Record", No. 1.)

HERE'S A MANLY SOCIALIST.

I am a Socialist, doubled and twisted warp and filling, dyed in the wool, and a yard wide, but I don't get mad with any one because they don't see things like I do. All I ask is to be shown when I am wrong, and I will get right. I have been reading your weekly for several months, and you have not showed me yet, but I always want to hear both sides of the evidence, and if I don't get both sides there will be a hung jury. So you will find enclosed $1.00 in currency, for which you will please send me your Magazine one year, and oblige,

W. D. SAMPLES.

Blue Ridge, Texas, Rt. 4.

(Bro. Samples ought to follow those Socialist chapters in our Magazine. T. E. W.)

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Address JEFFERSONIAN PATTERN DEPARTMENT, Thomson, Ga.

NO. 8479—A SERVICEABLE ONE-PIECE APRON MODEL.

Girl's Apron.

Little girls are often busy with self-imposed household duties, and every neat little housekeeper should wear an apron when at work. From a mother's standpoint this model, so easy to construct, will be considered ideal. The tab portions which extend and cross over the back, hold the apron in position. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6-8-10-12 years, and requires 1 3-4 yards of 36-inch material for the 8-year size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

NO. 8510—MISSES' PLAITED SKIRT.

Noticeable among the newest styles are the plaited skirts. This smart model is laid in a box plait on each side the center-front and center back. It is suitable for serge, cashmere, linen and pongee. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 14-16-18 years.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8477—A NEAT AND APPROPRIATE COAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Nothing could be more becoming to "Mother's Girl" for an outer wrap, than the pretty coat model here shown. The body portion is plaited to a yoke which has panel extensions over the center front. A narrow collar facing finishes the neck edge, and the bishop sleeve may be finished with or without the turn back cuffs. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 4-6-8 years, and requires 4 yards of 27-inch material for the 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

NO. 8608—A NEAT AND POPULAR MODEL.

Girl's Dress.

Here is an attractive, simple, easily made frock, just the thing for hard service or school wear. The model is in one piece, with the fullness of the front laid in a box plait over the center. At the underarm seams are inverted plaits, which give necessary fulness to the skirt. A Dutch collar finishes the neck edge, and the sleeve may be made in wrist length or to the elbow. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2-4-6-8-10 years, and requires 3 3-4 yards of 36-inch material for the 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8625—LADIES' MOYEN AGE GOWN WITH TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE.

A Smart Up-to-date Model.

This becoming model shows the Moyen Age features, having a Princess body with low hip line, and a deep flounce. Either sleeve will develop effectively. Olive green cashmere, with shirrings of satin in a contrasting shade, with white tulle for the yoke inset, form a charming combination for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches bust measure. It requires 7 1-2 yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8620—LADIES' NIGHT DRESS WITH ROUND YOKE.

A Dainty Night Dress.

A very pretty night dress is here shown. The neck is collarless. The fulness of the body portions may be tucked or gathered to the round yoke. The sleeve may be long and finished with a band cuff, or in elbow length as illustrated. Nainsook, longeloth, and cambric are the fabrics most used for garments of this kind. Embroidered "allover" or tucking will answer nocely for the yoke. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42-44 inches, bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8627—SIMPLE AND STYLISH ONE-PIECE DRESS.

Simple dresses fr school or general wear are always left for young girls. The model here shown is closed at the side, and its fulness is belted in at the waist line. The notched sailor collar and Gibson pleats give breadth to the figure. The back has a box plait over the center. The sleeve is a plain one piece model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6-8-10-12 years. It requires 5 yards of 24-inch material for the 10-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8609—LADIES' DRESSING SACQUE.

A Practical Suggestion or a Dainty, Comfortable Negligee.

There are many times when a woman needs a dressing sacque, when combing her hair, when she is trying to fit clothes or change her dress, and on numerous occasions a loose, easily adjusted garment of this kind is a boon. The model here portrayed is suitable for wash or woolen goods. It is simple in outline and may be finished with a sleeve to the wrist, gathered to a band cuff, or with a short loose sleeve. The pattern provides for making with a collar or in low neck effect. It is cut in 3 sies: small, medium, large. Requires 2 1-2 yards of 36-inch material for the medium size.

A pattern of this illustration sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

READY FOR THE SERVING ROOM.

No. 8586—A Comfortable Shirtwaist, and No. 8622—A Convenient, Practical Apron, Are Here Shown.

No. 8622—This apron will prove very useful to the woman who does sewing or fancy work, as the pockets will be found very convenient for holding the sewing, mending, worsteds or embroidery silks. The deep frill is divided into sections to form the pockets, and the sections are held in place by ribbon run beading stitched to the apron. Dotted swiss, linen, Holland and cross barred muslin are all suitable materials to use and 2 yards of 36-inch material will be required for making. Cut in one size.

No. 8586—The shirtwaist is smart and easy to make. It has broad tucks over the shoulders, which may terminate at yoke depth or extend to the waistline. The front is double breasted and finish with a chic rever. The sleeve is the regulation shirt model. Poplin, madras, linen, flannel or silk may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches bust measure, and requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

This illustartion calls for two patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each, in silver or stamps.

NO. 8544—TWO PRETTY CORSET COVERS.

These attractive corset covers may be made of handkerchief linen, embroidered flouncing, or other material. Their making is a very simple matter, as will be seen at a glance. The fulness at the neck and waist is regulated by ribbon-run beading. If preferred, worked buttonholes may take the place of the beading for running the ribbon through. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium, large.

These two patterns will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

Classified Column

HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED.

I WANT high-class salesmen to act as State and District Managers to introduce my new invention, more usful than typewriters, more profitable than cash registers. J. W. Bolte, No. 8 E. Michigan St., Chicago.

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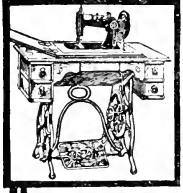

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THEY DARE NOT!

Why is it that *those representative Socialists, of national reputation,* refuse to accept my challenge to prepare, sign and publish a statement of the meaning of Socialism as to

(1) *The Marriage Relation*
(2) *Private Ownership*
(3) *Racial and Social Equality*
(4) *Religion*
(5) *The Home?*

I claim that the Socialists of Europe, *and of the large American cities,* make war upon our marriage system, *and believe in Free Love;* that they *oppose the private ownership of land,* and every other "means of production"; that they *believe in racial and social equality;* that they *combat the church and religion;* and that their creed *dissolves home-life,* as we know it.

Here are the men whom I defied to come out in a frank, manly way, and *tell the people what Socialism stands for:*

Eugene Debs, Upton Sinclair, Richard Le Gallienne, Robert Hunter, *Victor L. Berger, J. A. Wayland, Fred Warren,* and Joseph Medill Pattison. As *Debs* and *Warren* are the noisest ranters that American Socialism can boast, *I name them twice.*

And, again,

I JUST DARE THEM TO CHIRP!

They are fooling the people, by preaching one doctrine in the big cities, and another in rural communities.

The national leaders, whom I have singled out, *prefer to be considered cowards, rather than be branded as deceivers and hypocrites.*

January, 1910 — *Thos. E. Watson*